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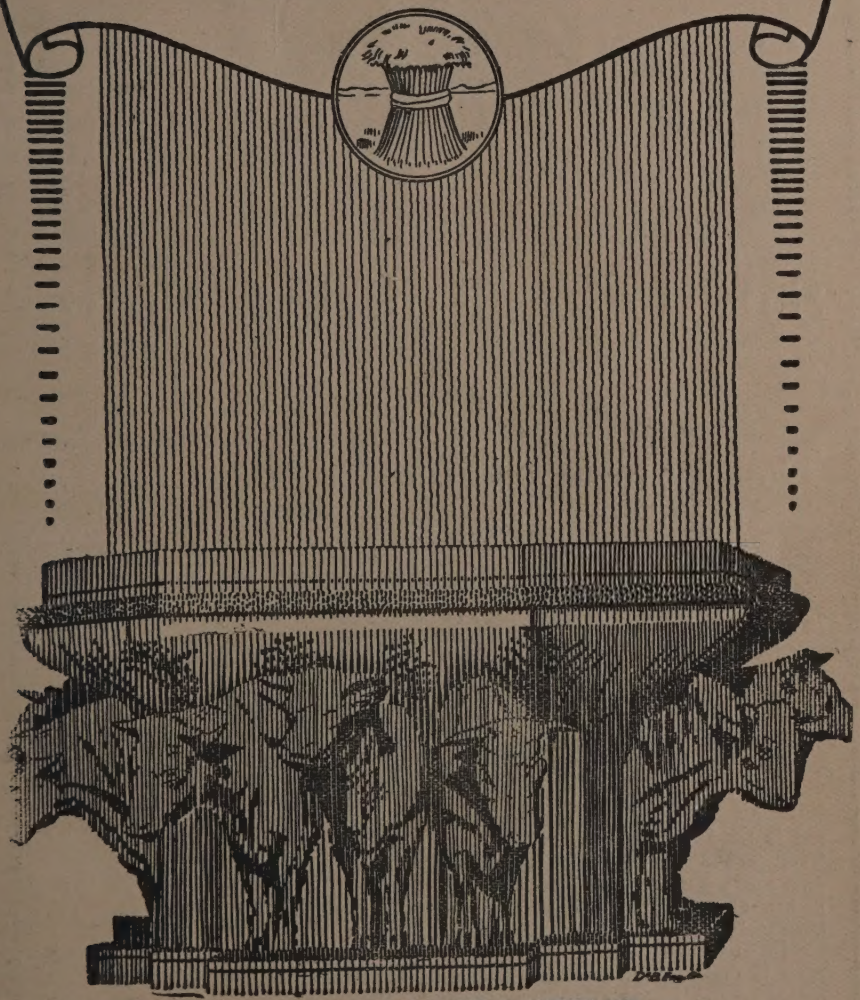

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VOLUME VIII MAY, 1921 NUMBER 5

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MRS. C. BYRON WHITNEY AND CHILDREN

The grandmother, Mrs. Zina Smoot Whitney; great-grandmother, Mrs. Helen Mar Whitney; and two great-great-grandmothers, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Whitney, and Mrs. Vilate Kimball surround the poem on the next page.

Helen Mar Whitney

Elizabeth Ann Whitney

Vilate Kimball

Zina Smoot Whitney

MOTHERHOOD

Have you faced the grey dawn of a life to be,
When the shadow of death lurked nigh,
And out of the silence where a sweet form lay,
Came the sound of a babe's first cry?

Have you felt the firm grip of the mother's hand,
And murmured, "God bless my wife!"
And somehow felt that He would?—if not—
Then what do you know of life?

Have you stood in that moment when only God knew
Of a life to be gained or lost?
Have you thrilled with the thought of a joy to come,
Yet trembled with fear of the cost?

And later, when fellows were shaking your hand,
And you felt like a peacock, vain,
Did you think of the one who helpless lay
Still paying the price in pain?

And on through the years have you watched their course—
How she stoops, while the child grows tall?
Have you witnessed the thing called "Motherhood?"
No?—then you've not lived at all.

St. Louis, Mo. *C. Byron Whitney.*

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. VIII MAY, 1921 No. 5.

A Chaplet of Mother and Grandmother Verse

THE GRANDMOTHER MUSES

By Kate Thomas

The locusts soon will blossom and bend their perfumed heads
As if to watch the leafing of the growing pansy beds.
The little stream will waken and come to bid good-day,
Mingling its gentle music with the children's noise at play.
But I—I shall be sleeping far away from all of these.
I shall not smell the fragrance of the budding locust trees.

The old gate will swing open—just as now—when Mary comes,
With Sally and Virginia clinging tightly to her thumbs.
The old floors will creak welcome to the patter of their feet,
And the old walls will give answer to their voices high and sweet,
But up there on the hillside, I shall have no wish to hark,
And I shall not see the shining of their young eyes through the dark.

There will not be a joyance of children at their play,
Or merry high-pitched voices when they lay me deep away,
But I shall know no sorrow—I shall rest me long and well;
I shall sleep care-free and soundly, till I hear Heaven's matin bell.
Be ye comforted, my loved ones; be ye happy, O my dears,
As I cannot hear your laughter, so I cannot see your tears.

THE PIONEER MOTHER

Maud Baggarley.

Of the desert thou art pioneer,
Turning from ease and mirth
To wake serene and unafraid,
The unblazed ways of earth.
Thy thoughts unvoiced that reached from clod to star;
Thy songs unsung, that ached and throbbed
Within thy heart,
In eyes of God, are better far
Than frankincense and myrrh.

For she who plays her part with courage high,
Yet consecrates with prayers,
Maybe through tears,
The gift of self she lays upon the altar of years,
Is chosen of the Lord,
Her hands made strong,
Her life itself a song—
Far heard triumphant song!

Thus she, whose feet have pressed the sand
Of every new and fearful land,
Who follows her mate to the barren wild
To bless, and succor, and bear his child;
And where she cradles her little babe
A fire is kindled, home is made,
And though bleak the soil it yieldeth bread,
And blossoms at length, and their souls are fed.

ONE MOTHER OF MINE

Bertha A. Kleinman

I cannot strew your velvet bier,
When you are sleeping there,
And other hands must fondle yours,
And plait your snowy hair.

But I shall know, though far away,
The halo on your brow,
Let others eulogize you then,
I want to tell you now.

I know your fore-score years and more,
Their blest unwritten scope,
How test and trial have teemed them full,
But cannot daunt our hope.

I know the harvest of your years,
How never idle day,
Seeps through the sundial of your age,
Let others waste who may.

I know the empty yearning years,
With all your treasures gone,
The heartache and the loneliness,
Yet only good lives on.

I know the garden you have sown,
So rich in every hue,
How one by one the blooms have fled,
And left the thorns to you.

No roses strewn upon your path,
Have eased your weary tread,
But springing where your feet have pressed,
They bloom for us instead.

Adversity has wrecked your plans,
And fagged your step the while,
Time's hoary fingers blanched your hair—
He cannot chill your smile.

For you have learned, though dark the sky,
'Tis by God's wisdom spanned,
And though you weary of its grey,
He holds you by the hand.

Tomorrow's mead you do not ask,
To glean it if you could,
Content with every passing day,
To brim it up with good.

Your trend, too soon, the western slope,
With twilight coming on,
But even there your face is turned,
To greet the broader dawn.

REMINISCENCE

Mrs. Ida R. Alldredge

Do we always remember to honor
The fathers and mothers grown old,
As the shadows of evening close o'er them
And night's darkness waits to enfold?

Or did we forget how they've struggled
Through poverty, sickness and care,
With never a word of complaining
That we lighter burdens might bear?

When we look at their figures so drooping
And their fingers so knotted and thin,
And the light in their eyes slowly fading,
Do we catch the lovelight from within?

Oh, we cannot half pay them in measure,
But at least we can help smooth their way,
That their last years may be made the brighter
From sunrise till close of the day.

MOTHER

Maude M. Cook

Mother mine!
Your loving smile,
Is with me hour by hour.
In memory still I see your face,
Glow like a pure sweet flower;
Alight with love and peace and cheer,
Stamped with Heaven's sweet calm,
So firm in faith, so rich in trust,
So beautiful to look upon.
The memory of you, Mother mine,
Makes all life's pathways clear;
The world is full of peace and love
When you are there, my Mother dear.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mercy R. Stevens

Alone in the house of a stranger today,
I think of past Sundays—the second in May.
I see the bright faces and hear the glad call,
And view the gay flower, a gift from them all.
Alone, but not sad, for I know that today
They are thinking of Mother, be whom they may.
And the love in their hearts, that is loyal I know,
Is dearer to me than the flower's bright glow.
I hear through the mail and the telephone call:
"We're longing to see you, babies and all."
My heart knows no wish but the deep, fervent prayer
That God may surround them with his loving care.

Wrapped in Wool

By Agnes Lovendahl, with illustration by the author

"Here I be, five years older than you—and I'll tell you right now my days of usefulness are not ended," Bathsheba Webster's tones were decided. "It's your own fault—nobody has to be laid on the shelf unless they want to be."

Bathsheba's needle took sure, swift stitches in a white garment—a gift for the little bride around the corner. Bathsheba's hair was white, but it was waved and dressed beautifully. Her face was still firm, and her eyes gleamed with life and fun. A wrinkle—a dimple grown old—deepened occasionally. Her gray taffeta dress seemed to feel the responsibility of being just as rustling and "perky" as Bathsheba herself.

"Why don't you quit being an old lady?" she continued.

"Well," Grandma West rocked thoughtfully, "when everybody has decided you ain't a bit of use for nothing any more, 'taint much use as I can see."

Grandma West made a strange contrast with the sprightly Bathsheba. Her gray hair was brushed straight back and plastered down with water. A little tight knob of it disfigured the back of her head. She wore a full, heavy skirt of rusty black, a dressing sacque of gray calico, and a blue and white checked kitchen apron. She looked several years older than Bathsheba, and seemed very tired.

"I wish I'd died when I was still good for something," continued Grandma West, "about sixty's the right age to die. What is there I can do now?" A flash of resentment made her lean forward and shake her finger at Bathsheba. "What do I do? I live with Mattie. I have to listen to the noise of the children or sit in a lonely room. They feel I'm a burden. I'm dependent, that's what, I'm dependent in my old age on my children."

"And who's got a better right, I'd like to know?" queried Bathsheba indignantly. "After all you've done for them it's too bad if they can't do a wee mite for you."

"It's easy for you to talk,"—a note of envy crept into Grandma's voice, "you've got Heber still, and he needs you. But me—sometimes I'd give anything to be with John!"

"Annie, you've got no call to be wishing yourself dead. I reckon if the good Lord's left you here this long, he's got some-

thing for you to do. Have you done all the work in the temple for the names you've got?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Mattie thinks the temple work is too hard for me," Grandma said quietly. She felt a little ashamed to make the admission.

"Why it isn't hard at all! I'd show Mattie a thing or two! If she'd spend a little more time supervising her children instead of bossing her mother, you would all be better off. Really, Annie, you'd think from the way she handles you that you were made of spun glass. 'Now children, run along, and don't annoy Grandma.' 'Grandma, don't you think you'd better lie down?' 'I think Grandma ought not to have anything but an egg this morning.' Now why are you wearing that ugly scarf around your shoulders this hot day?"

"Mattie said—"

"Mattie said you'd catch cold in the air, I suppose. And you undoubtedly will with that on. How long is it since you've had a romp with your grandchildren? How long since you threw pillows and told them stories? How long since you did any sewing except mending? When did you entertain your friends? How long is it since you've spent a dollar without telling Mattie what it was for? You can't call your soul your own, Annie, and you'd ought to rebel."

"Sometimes I think I'll say something, but I can't stand to hurt Mattie's feelings. She means for the best, Bathsheba."

"Mattie's feelings, fiddlesticks! If folks can't mingle common sense with their feelings they ought to get hurt. Look now—she sold that house of yours after John died, and packed all the things you loved in her old attic, and—"

"Sh-h-h!" Grandma West pointed to the slim young figure of her granddaughter running toward them across the lawn from the next house.

"I don't care if Barbara is coming," declared Bathsheba, "I'll finish what I have to say, and I just hope she hears it."

Grandma shook her head, with pleading and warning mingled in her look. Bathsheba raised her voice.

"That house belonged to you and you should have lived in it."

Barbara paused by the porch! "What house, Aunt Bathsheba?"

"The house your mother sold, my dear. She shouldn't have done it. Your grandmother would have been happier there."

"Oh, Aunt Bathsheba!" Barbara bounded onto the porch and perched herself on the arm of her grandmother's chair. "Think of how much work she'd have had to do keeping it up! And over home we do *everything* for her."

"Exactly. That is the very trouble. You've wrapped her in wool and carefully placed her on the shelf."

"But surely she's much happier with us when we all love her so!" cried Barbara as she patted her grandmother's shoulder.

"Love her—yes. But does one of you *need* her? Not one."

"Would you have Grandma stay in that lonely old house—all—all alone?"

"She could at least have it arranged to suit herself and feel free to have her friends call. And then," Bathsheba paused and smiled, then bent her head over her work. "I don't see why she would have to be alone. It is my opinion that Annie ought to get married."

"Mercy me!" Grandma threw up her hands in horror.

"Oh, I reckon you could find a beau—if you'd spruce up a bit—get some presentable clothes and curl your hair. Now you needn't smile, Babs, your grandma was fully as popular as you in her day. Used to have the young fellows tagging round till her pa went near frantic. Always had her program filled at socials—two or three for each dance and she'd tell them she'd dance with the one that got there first. She was a pretty thing, Annie was!"

"Oh Grandma's blushing!" teased Barbara.

"And it's your Ma's fault your grandma ain't sought after now, and you can tell her I said so," added Bathsheba.

"Oh!" Barbara gasped in sudden remembrance. "Mother sent me to get Grandma to come and have her dress fitted and I almost forgot!"

"Dress? Now that's the thing!" cried Bathsheba.

"It's a new black silk," explained Grandma proudly, "for the Old Folks' Party next Friday."

"Old Folks' Party—" a gleam of mischief suddenly appeared in Bathsheba's eyes. "Glory, Hallelujah!"

Bathsheba jumped up and dropped her sewing into the chair.

"I'll come right along and see about that dress. It's a shame to have it black silk, but if it is bought I suppose it is bought and nothing can be done. But maybe I can tell Mattie how to touch it up a bit?"

The next Friday was delightfully warm and sunny and Liberty Park began to fill early with old folks. How childishly eager some of them were for their party! Some hobbled feebly, leaning on the arm of a boy scout guide, some stepped about "real spry," chatting and chuckling in high voices, some stared bewildered at the crowd and waited to be taken to their ward.

The ladies of the Relief Society were all bustle and stir, setting tables, decorating, cutting cakes. Automobiles threaded

their way carefully to the band stand and unloaded their precious cargoes of old people.

Old Folks Day! Grandma felt a thrill of pleasure at being remembered and honored. As she hurried with Bathsheba and Barbara from the graveled path to the lawn threading between busy groups, Grandma was pleasantly conscious of the rustle of her new black satin. She was conscious, too, of the pretty light scarf which floated from her shoulders in a lazy June breeze.

"I declare I feel most young again," she exclaimed chuckling, her chill fingers pressing white spots on flushed cheeks, her eyes sparkling up at Barbara.

"I should hope you would," laughed Bathsheba. "Why you look like a bride."

"Don't be foolish Bathsheba," said Grandma gently, but she couldn't help remembering the glimpse she had had of her hair—her dull stringy hair miraculously fashioned by Barbara into a soft frame for her face.

"A curling iron and a hair net would improve many a dowdy frump," continued Bathsheba, undisturbed by Grandma's previous rebuke. "And a touch of color like that bit of pink at your throat—well, it does set off one's natural beauty."

"Tut, tut! What a tease you are!"

Barbara placed chairs comfortably in the shade for them.

"Now you sit right here," she said, "while I go to help with the lunch. By and by there will be a band and singing."

Grandma sat down obediently.

"Sit down, indeed!" exclaimed Bathsheba, smiling in amused tolerance. "What do you think I came to the party for? To be a wall flower? I'll just walk around a bit. Heber will be down presently and I'd best make good use of my opportunities to flirt with all my old beaux before he appears."

Barbara laughed and sped away.

"Take good care of Grandma," she called over her shoulder.

Grandma's eyes searched the crowd wistfully. There was no one in sight that she knew. At the last Old Folks' Party she had attended, John had been with her. Now—loneliness crept into her heart. Just being here brought back the years with such poignant vividness. She wanted to be young again—young!

"Let's walk around and meet folks," suggested Bathsheba. "I declare there's old Eph Williams who used to be such a cut-up. Do you remember his Irish jig and his step dances? He was the one who could step it off lively! He's got a cane now and he's all crippled up with rheumatism, but I reckon he's as lively as ever in his heart. And Annie, he's been a widower—let's see, when did Mary die? It was in—yes, he's been a wid-

ower going on for ten years. I'm a good mind to tell him its time to reform."

"Oh Bathsheba—"

"Come on!"

"I—I think I'll just stay here. You go see him. I'll just wait."

Grandma felt as embarrassed as a girl, and she was unutterably lonely for—just her own John.

So Bathsheba left her, promising to return with Eph.

"I just can't—can't stand it!" Grandma did not speak aloud, but she clenched her hands. Memories were flooding to her. She felt she must get away from this merry, chattering group.

Unnoticed among the fringes of the crowd she scuttled away—her scarf fallen unheeded from her soft hair, her eyes startlingly keen and bright in their dark hollows, like polished stones in ebony. She went blindly, like a person in a tunnel seeking for the light. She felt that her emotions must soon stifle her.

A kindly policeman helped her across the main driveway, and she hurried on. Here there was no crowd of old people—just a few children. She sighed as if relieved of an oppressive weight. Then she smiled at her foolishness, and fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief. She carefully wiped a spot that a tear had made on her black satin.

She wandered through the playground—wishing she had the youth and joy of these children. She dreaded the thought that her life was to continue useless, unappreciated.

Watching her chance, she recrossed the drive and climbed the bridge to the island. She would just sit by the water side alone and think it all out. On the bridge she bought a bunch of blue violets from a dirty, grinning youngster who had a basket of little nosegays to sell to the old folks.

Grandma stood quite still, staring through and beyond the soft petals on which her fingers rested caressingly.

"Is there anything else, ma'am?"

"Dear, dear!" Grandma roused with a start. "But of course, my dear, that was when I was quite young!"

How oddly he stared at her! She must have said something wrong again.

"I was remembering old times—and thinking I'd not feel so lonesome, if I'd be wearing violets. Somehow I can't get used to his being dead. Seems like he's just stepped into the next room, or maybe round the corner. Today, now, I keep thinking I've lost him in the crowd and by and by we'll find each other. There, laddie, don't old folks get queer notions?"

She smiled apologetically, patted him and went on across

the bridge. He started after her, shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Well, well, aren't you the smart lassie, now, tripping off all alone and well nigh knocking an old man over!"

Grandma started. Confronting her, very dignified with high silk hat and patriarchal beard, stood that young rascal, that cut-up, Eph Williams.

She stood staring at him without speaking. Had Bathsheba sent him to follow her? Indignation brought bright spots of color to her cheeks and a gleam of anger to her eyes.

Gently he took her arm.

"What do you say, Annie—eh—if we have a chat here by the lake? Things ain't nowise near ready for the dinner, and there's such a jam by the pavilion you couldn't find your way nohow."

"Did Bathsheba send you to find me?"

"She just told me you were here. I'd been planning for months—"

"Well, I really must go," cried Grandma, drawing away. "They'll be looking for me, Mattie and Barbara. They'll be worried most dreadful."

"Shucks now, that don't sound like the Annie I used to know. You had a mind of your own then, I'll be bound." He sighed in reminiscence. "Remember the dance at Social Hall—the night you and I went for a walk—and the moon was still and white just above the mountain peak? You didn't hesitate to speak your mind then! Jing, I thought I could never love another—after you said 'no'—"

"Dear, dear!" interrupted Grandma hastily. "I must go—yes, really I must!"

"You'll not get a chance!" The old man's mouth closed with determination and he blocked her way. "Come now, it won't hurt a mite to sort of talk over old times and old friends. Annie," his voice dropped, "I've been awful lonely—"

Awful lonely! So the sociable, noisy Eph Williams was old, too, and lonely! Grandma understood, and she tarried, sitting primly straight on a bench by the water's edge.

Eph Williams looked at her and smiled.

"By gracious, Annie, you're looking pretty today!"

Grandma blushed. Why couldn't she behave like a sedate little old lady with several grandchildren nearly grown up? She ought to rebuke him with dignity and hurry away to the protection of Mattie. But she didn't.

The old man saw her confusion and talked about the party, and good times they had had in the old days, and of what they were both doing now.

GRANDMOTHER WEBSTER COUNSELS INSUBORDINATION FOR GRANDMA WEST

"So you're living with Mattie, eh? Well, the boys wanted me to come with them after their Ma died. Not me! I reckon I've got some spunk left! I ain't no invalid as yet to be waited on. Wanted me not to do anything, as active as I've always been! Can you think of it? I tell you I have a great old time tending the chicks and working in my little old garden!"

"But how do you manage," asked Grandma, "with the cooking and the mending?"

Eph laughed and clapped his knee.

"Can't say I'm powerful successful—and sometimes I do swear, Annie. I reckon I'm toughened to most anything though."

"You'd ought to hire a girl—"

"A girl! What would one of these flip, painted young critters know about an old man's ways? Say Annie—it's you I need—most terribly. I've plenty to keep the wolf from the door, and you've no ties—couldn't we—wouldn't you—Gosh ding, Annie, it's been a long time since I proposed!"

Grandma was on her feet.

"Really I—"

"I know you'll always love John best—you told me that long ago, Annie. But couldn't we make the rest of the journey a wee bit less lonely for each other? You'd mean a lot to me. And we could do temple work for our folks that's dead—seems to me God meant we'd ought to be of some use while we live."

After all, who really needed her most? She was only a burden to Mattie—and hadn't John said when they were so young and happy together—"If I die before you, Annie, you must'nt waste your life wearying for me. Make some good man happy—be useful in the world." Yes, perhaps John would wish it. But Mattie—!"

Grandma smiled—that sudden light smile of hers.

"Mattie would say we had both gone completely foolish."

"Hang what Mattie would say. I'll handle Mattie!"

Eph braced his shoulders and set his jaw.

Grandma sighed—contentedly—for that was the kind of protection she liked—it was not protection from pity. She slipped her hand into his arm.

"If you can handle Mattie—yes," she said.

"It's none of Mattie's —— business!"

"Oh!" cried Grandma—but she gloried in the emphasis.

Eph Williams sat in the kitchen rocking contentedly and watching his wife, who was frosting a chocolate cake.

"You'll likely have a terrible spell of indigestion from this, Eph," she warned him.

"Don't tell me about it before-hand," he laughed, rising and putting his arm around her shoulders.

"I feel as proud as a bride today," cried Grandma, her cheeks glowing. "Think of having Bathsheba and Heber, and Mattie and all the children over to dinner! Why, it's really living again!"

THE MORMON CHURCH AGAINST TOBACCO

We are told by Will H. Brown, superintendent Press Bureau No-Tobacco League, Los Angeles, that:

"The slogan of every auxiliary organization of the 'Mormon,' or Latter-day Saints Church, is: "We stand for the non-use and the non-sale of tobacco." That the fight is already bearing fruit is seen in the large number of "Mormon" store-keepers who are refusing to longer carry the weed in stock in any form. Here is a sample of reports being received at headquarters in Salt Lake City, in ever-increasing numbers—this from Jesse M. Smith, superintendent Y. M. M. I. A. of the Snowflake stake in Arizona:

"Since December first the sale of tobacco has stopped in all towns in this stake, with the exception of three. Two of these have only a very small population of our people."

Here is an instance showing how many users of tobacco look at the situation, reported by Lorenzo Toulson, manager of the Union Mercantile Co., Smithfield, Utah, which firm has discontinued the sale of tobacco: "I have had many tell me they wish that they could not buy it anywhere, then they would quit using it."

How Cowley, Wyoming, disposed of tobacco is told in this Associate Press dispatch of January 25th: "Smoking and chewing of tobacco has been banned here. The action resulted from a campaign started by the "Mormon" Church. Merchants agreed to stop the sale of tobacco. A funeral procession, mourners and two bands escorted a coffin containing the corpse of Lady Nicotine to a funeral pyre, where the casket was burned. Many sincere mourners wept, while the Reverend R. A. Evans delivered the funeral oration."

As the "Mormon" Church auxiliaries number 300,000 members their attitude on the tobacco question, with its practically perfect system of organization, means much in the fight against tobacco."

The Plan of Mesa Temple

We are presenting to our readers this month the eagerly expected sketch of the temple to be erected in the near future in Mesa, Arizona. Three of our leading architectural firms competed in sealed contest, and the firm of Young & Hansen won out with the beautiful sketch which accompanies this article.

The temple proper rests in simple yet exquisite harmonious lines on a basement story containing all the auxiliary quarters such as rest rooms, cloak rooms, recorder's office and general utility rooms, these quarters making, as it were, a pedestal from which springs the rising columns and wall of the sacred rooms where only ordinance work shall be performed. This basic suggestion recalls not only the pedestal support given to the statues and columns and art temple of ancient Greece, it brings a thought of the vast terraced courts, rising one upon another, which supported in dignity the crowning splendor of the Jewish temple proper, as it glittered and sparkled in the rising sun's rays, with its superb Solomon's Porch and two carved pillars, the Gate Beautiful rising in the foreground. The Jewish temple, like our own, contained rooms for ritualistic services, for the Priesthood, in addition to the morning and evening services, while the baptismal font, used for priestly offices still suggested the later uses indicated in the Savior's suggestion, and in Paul's teachings concerning salvation for the dead.

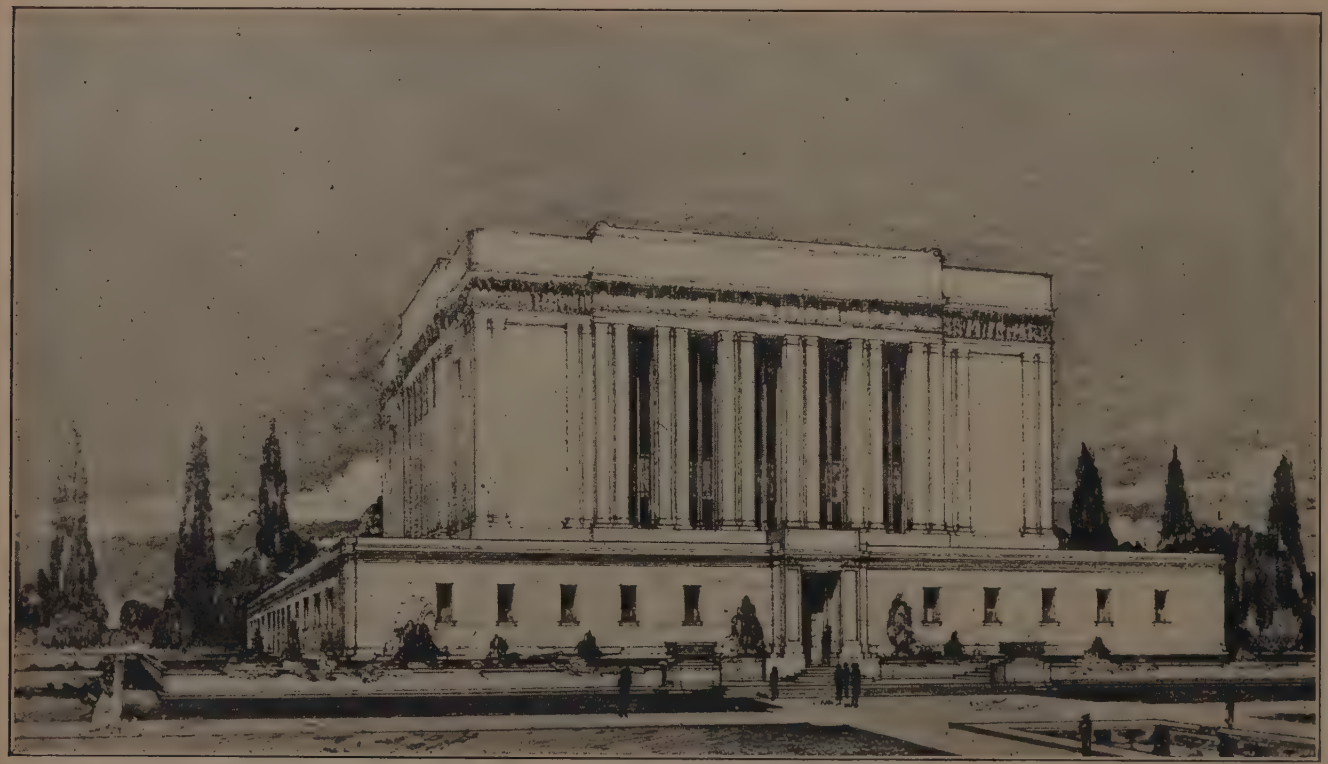
All that was foreshadowed in the Hebrew temple is fulfilled in our temples of today.

We give here the architects' description of the conception which they sought to express in the building sketch submitted by them:

DESCRIPTIONS ACCOMPANYING STUDIES FOR TEMPLE AT MESA, ARIZONA.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints December, 1920.

In presenting studies in temple composition for your consideration we do so with full appreciation of the potentialities of the problem; with much careful and painstaking application we have arrived at a solution which we are presenting as our conception of the problem. We have proceeded in a most severely truthful manner and form not desiring to detract in the minutest detail from a very simple outline by the addition of irrelevent and possibly misleading embellishments.



SKETCH OF MESA TEMPLE

Young and Hansen, Architects.

The problem, as expressed in the one word "Temple" is one of the most intricate yet interesting which has been presented to us for solution. One of our insistent queries is: What is there in constructive expression peculiar to and expressive of the Temple—the Latter-day Saints Temple—and in what essentials does it contrast with the world-accepted notion of temple expression?

Close analysis of our temple needs has forced a somewhat radical departure from the world's conception of a temple or cathedral which has been arrived at largely through the process of the evolution of man, and to serve his temporary religious requirements, and has no relation to our divinely revealed program of work requiring accomplishment. We also recognize in our present day problem a decidedly more complex conception than anything of even a similar nature heretofore conceived, although adhering strictly to fundamental needs and spiritual requirements. The nature of this temple thought compels a recognition architecturally of two major divisions; the first of which is utility and the second, beauty in architectural expression, without unnecessarily retracing footsteps but will otherwise discover the maximum of convenience with the minimum of effort in a most pleasing and appealing manner.

In the study under consideration the utmost endeavor has been directed to maintaining the proper balance between the temple proper and of the contributing factors to the service. It seems desirable to eliminate from within the temple walls proper all elements not directly required in some phase of the actual temple service. This is accomplished by placing the temple itself on a base of room-space which contains all rest rooms, cloak rooms, etc., thus permitting the temple proper to tower loftily above forming a simple architectural shaft possessing respectful dignity and exciting sacred reverence. Low relief panels at the four corners of the shaft are intended to portray the gathering of Israel from four corners of the earth in the last dispensation of the fulness of time.

Throughout the composition both in plan and in elevation, as well as by the method of presentation by lines, our watchword has been simplicity; simplicity without the loss of dignity or of reverential content, thus lending to the whole study a most desirable element—that of truth. As down the path of ages man has ever striven to more perfected existence, consciously or unconsciously, by adding little upon little to the perfection of his original environment so we have endeavored to express our conception in these architectural forms which are the modern accepted ideals of perfection in architectural attainment.

The element of seclusion for thoughtful meditation and

spiritual communion is given suitable expression in the entrance portals which further adds to the thought of unity so desirable and prevalent throughout the composition.

Generally stated the various appointments are grouped around a grand stair hall centrally located which extends between the main temple entrance and the ordinance rooms. The plan also provides a direct passage from the celestial rooms to the dressing rooms below. From an intermediate landing of this stair-case the first ordinance room is entered to the right. The remaining ordinance rooms follow successively without any additional long stair-way such as usually punctuates the progress of temple work in most of our temples.

Flanking the main entrance on the right and left respectively are located the locker rooms and the assembly room, both are under the general supervision of the door keeper, but, owing to their location, cannot provide any annoying element in the conduct of his regular duties. Also the arrangement will be noted to be such that the assembly room may be used as an overflow in the event that a number of companies are to be served on the same day. This contingent can further be provided for in the entrance lobby where two additional companies may be stationed preliminary to entering upon temple work.

After passing the door keeper, the recorder's appointment may be found to the left off the spacious lobby and upon entering the temple proper, immediately in front of the door keeper; the dressing room accommodations are located off the corridor leading to the font room. From here the stairway leads to the ordinance rooms as above mentioned.

The Font is given a rear central location immediately under the celestial room.

FONT ROOM

The suggested location of the Font room we hope is justified by the excellent day-lighting and ventilation made possible, located as it is with eastern exposure, it will receive direct morning sunlight and outside ventilation as also will the dressing rooms to the right and left respectively. By the relative location of the various appointments at the font, candidates are provided direct lines of passage from place to place without the usual crossing and resulting confusion. Floor drains are provided to catch the dripping water as candidates leave the font. This arrangement permits a constant and uninterrupted flow of candidates to and from the font.

STAIR HALL

The stair hall is designed to serve more than the purely utilitarian accommodation of the stairway and passage. It suggests the story of man from earthly birth to the regions of celestial glory and reflects the successive stages of progression. From the temple entrance where this story best reveals itself may also be seen, through a glass screen at the end of the passage, the font room and the font suggesting the sepulchre of the Savior, while above and at the end of the stairway hall stands forth the portal to the celestial room. The grand stairway may be said to typify the ever upward pathway which terminates in celestial glory.

AUXILIARY APPOINTMENTS

The assembly room, cloak rooms, dining rooms, laundry, kitchen, communication corridors, children's room, women's work room, linen room, and other auxiliary appointments are provided in suitable proximity and relative juxtaposition without the temple walls thereby eliminating undesirable fumes and other disturbing elements from the temple proper. Off the children's play room are provided toilet rooms and a spacious court in which children may find amusement without the possibility of their straying beyond the limits of easy supervision. Other open well lighted courts on the north, east, and south sides of the building provide the privacy so desirable to the work conducted within the edifice. Dressing rooms are provided with fifty individual dressing compartments having two locker accommodations for two companies to pass through in close succession, while the entrance hall may be used in emergency for the stationing of additional companies awaiting the opportunity to go forward.

SUMMARY

As stated in the beginning of these notes, the foregoing aims at being only general in its scope. Every detail or appointment could be greatly enlarged upon, but not desiring to rehearse in too much detail what the floor plans so plainly set forth, we respectfully submit them all hoping that our efforts have produced a solution which, if completely understood and executed, will provide an edifice complete in its appointments, and the result will be a distinct addition to the sacred class of Church structures which we call our temples.

Out of the World

By G. Milton Babcock

(Continued.)

Walter swayed unsteadily for a moment. It was not enough for him to have had the accident to his bicycle, and the consequent walk; he must in addition lose his job, and that, too, without a hearing! Turning abruptly on his heel, with not a word of explanation, he stalked out of the bank, the gaze of the somewhat astonished cashier following him.

For a time, Walter hardly knew what to do. Finally, he decided to take his wheel to the bicycle shop, and then hunt for a new job—the latter, he knew, would be a hard task, as he would be called upon for references.

The bicycle man agreed to stand half the expense of a new tire—something that Walter had not looked for—and it served as a rift in his clouds of despair and gave him courage to start the search for employment. All day long he tramped the streets, at first looking for a position in his own field, but toward the end, he sought any kind of work. The market was glutted, hundreds of others, many more capable than he, were also looking for work. In the few instances where a stenographer was wanted, there were a dozen or more applicants. Once he thought he had a position within his grasp, but when he gave as reference the bank, the man immediately telephoned and learned that Walter had been discharged for "failure to report for duty." Again without one word of inquiry as to the cause of his failure to report, Walter was refused the privilege of working.

It is said that "Misery loves company;" so after the business houses had closed for the day, Walter sauntered along to Hogan's Alley, the rendezvous of men like himself—out of work—forced to seek such environment as the Alley offered for such poor comfort as they could wring from it, spending their few remaining pennies in the process. Here, at least, one would not starve so long as he could raise a nickel for a glass of beer which brought with it the "free lunch" privilege. Walter had never tasted beer, but he felt a strong temptation to try it for the sake of its effects—perhaps it would cause him to forget his misery as it had done for so many men. As he was about to enter a saloon, however, a miserable wreck of humanity staggered out, blotched, sodden face, trembling hands, and with

Continuation of "Out of the World," some already in type. . . . mind any idea he might have had to indulge in a pastime the effect of which was such as this!

Turning aside, he entered a pool room to watch the games. Here were gathered principally young men, most of whom could not afford the penny per cue, and the money for cigarettes. About the only thing they had in abundance was—breath for swearing! Walter purchased a package of "Sweet Caps" (during the day he had returned to the bank and received the wages he had earned the previous week) and promptly lit up.

Presently, things becoming quiet in the pool room, he leisurely made his way to the rear of the place, where a poker game was going on in full blast. One big, sharp-faced man was losing heavily, and it did not improve his already repelling countenance. Savagely he bid, and almost invariably he lost. Walter edged his way behind the man. He had never played himself, and seldom watched, but he knew the game fairly well. At length the player in question drew a royal flush and started out with a modest bid, intending to raise it higher and higher and lead his opponents along. An exclamation burst from Walter's lips. To players and onlookers alike it was a clear revelation that the player over whose shoulder Walter was looking had drawn a good hand. With a terrible oath, the man arose from his chair and made for Walter. Walter tried to pacify him, but the general evening's losses, together with a generous quantity of whiskey, had so upset the gambler that he would listen to no excuses, but struck Walter a powerful, though fortunately a glancing, blow. Stung to desperation, Walter seized a large bottle from a table nearby and dealt his assailant a murderous blow over the head. Without even a groan, the man sank to the floor, blood gushing from his nose and mouth.

In the excitement that followed Walter managed to slip unobserved from the room. Dazedly he found his way into the street, but one thought in mind—to get away. Instinctively he made for the railroad yard, and to his great relief a freight train was about to pull out. As comfortably as he might, he adjusted himself in the coal at one end of the gondola, and presently the train started—goodness knew where to! Dimly he recognized the lights of the Green Island station, and thus knew that the freight was bound northward, but his head ached so that it made little difference to him in which direction he moved—for all he cared, the freight could travel straight up to the stars—stars so much like those he had seen when the gambler struck him that they appeared very familiar and near, as he lay on his back watching them twinkle past. He tried to sleep, but always the phantom of the brakeman hovered above

and awoke him with a start whenever he dozed off. Once he grimly laughed at the thought that if the freight train was wrecked and he was so unfortunate as to be flung headlong into the infernal regions, he would be able at least to "bring his own coal!"

For what semed an age, he rode, the pounding of his aching head ever keeping tune with the thunderous clank of the wheels on the rails. Once, in passing by a station, he thought he could read the words "Mechanicville," but was not sure.

At last, the brakes gripped—steadily, persistently—and when the train came to a stop in a freight yard, Walter decided he had ridden far enough. Cautiously he made his way toward the lights of the station, and to his joy found that it was marked "Fort Edward!" He would now be able to go to his Uncle John's, a few miles away.

Dark was the road, and strange the shadows that flitted menacingly about him as he struck out into the country; but then came the remembrance of One above—up among the night lights—who would shield and protect him if he but asked: And ask he did—fervently, reverently!

VII

Gray dawn streaked the eastern sky as Walter timidly rapped on the door of his uncle's house.

"Why Walter, what brings you back so quick, and at this hour of the morning?" greeted his uncle in surprise. "We've just got up."

Briefly Walter told his troubles, and asked if he might stay with them while he tried to get work.

"You're welcome to what we've got, Walter, and we'll do all we can to help you. You've been in a pretty bad scrape, though, and I would suggest that you write some friend in Troy right away and ask him to find out how the man is. You might have killed him for all—"

"Do you really think so, Uncle John?' interposed Walter, aghast.

"Yes, my boy, a bottle's a pretty bad thing to hit anyone with—but let's hope for the best," he added cheerfully, perceiving that Walter was thoroughly alarmed.

His aunt was willing to do her part, and the girls were delighted to have a companion of Walter's age and good nature in their usually quiet home.

After several days of anxious waiting, Walter received a reply to his letter, stating that his late antagonist had not been injured much, and that the proprietor of the joint had seen to it that the affair was hushed up.

"I'm certainly glad, Walter, that it's turned out all right," commented his uncle as he handed back the letter. "I hope it will be a lesson to you," he added significantly.

"Yes, Uncle John, I feel that there are some great changes going to take place in my life from now on," replied Walter, thoughtfully. "I certainly am going to turn over a new leaf."

The next morning he started out for the paper mill with his uncle. As they approached the plant, Walter's eyes opened in wonder at the immense pile of pulpwood stored in the yard.

"You see, Walter," explained his uncle, "most of this wood comes from Canada, although there is quite a bit from Maine and other New England States. They chop a tree down, saw it into four-foot lengths, or else into eighteen-inch lengths, and peel the bark off. Then they load it into a box car."

"What kind of wood is it?" interrogated Walter.

"Spruce; it is a soft wood, and seems to be the best for making paper."

"How do they make such big piles?"

"Well, when the wood gets here, if it is in four-foot lengths it goes into that pile in the yard; if it is in shorter lengths it goes to the wood bins. That big crane there is what piles it so high. I'll show you how it all works sometime."

Going into the office, his uncle introduced Walter to the chief clerk. Fortunately, they were in need of a stenographer, and in lieu of a letter of recommendation, the chief clerk accepted the introduction from Walter's uncle as sufficient.

"For once in my life I am lucky!" Walter exulted. "There's nothing like a good start. I only hope I'll make good."

In a short time, Walter was thoroughly acquainted with his new position and surroundings. He liked his work and it paid him fairly good wages. His uncle's family were glad to have him with them, and the girls, Elizabeth and Dorothy, never tired of his company. He was always doing something to make them forget the toilsome hours they spent in the shirt factory; in fact, Walter felt, at times, that he was a bigger kid than ever, for he had been denied so many of the jollities of boyhood that even though he was now "grown up," yet the desire for play was keen and compelling within him.

One evening the Episcopal minister called, and persuaded Walter to renew his former activities in the church. However, what Walter had learned from the old Captain had weakened his faith somewhat. Then, too, his Uncle John had pointed out that the church had become a one-day proposition; that instead of leading out in the every-day affairs of life, it had withdrawn into its shell and had not kept abreast of the times; that its creeds, formulated centuries ago to suit conditions then existing,

were doing service today; and that the great discoveries and inventions, the wonderful scientific truths that had been revealed to the world, had come about in spite of, rather than by reason of, the church. Indeed, were not science and religion opposed? In addition, the reciting of the Creed, the listening to the same Prayers and Litanies Sunday after Sunday, seemed to become monotonous to Walter, and a spirit of restlessness that he could not quite explain, a doubting influence, often came over him. His daily prayers had been neglected for some time—ever since he left home. It is said that people never think of God except when in trouble; but, on the other hand, there are certain souls who do not think of him when in trouble. Often they feel resentful toward him for the calamities which they feel he could have in some way turned aside, and feel that they have been deserted and left to struggle against too great odds. Walter was inclined that way.

John Nelson, like his brothers, took little interest in the church. To him, in addition to having become a one-day affair, its teachings were inconsistent—the ministers constantly dwelling upon man's responsibilty before God, but saying not a word of his rights on earth. As he told Walter:

"If the ministers would see that their congregations got sufficient physical food and recreation, they would have an easier time getting them to take the spiritual food and glory. When you and your mother were starving, what practical benefit was your church to you?"

His uncle's words made a deep impression upon Walter, but the faith of his mother was too well grounded in him to cause him to assume an indifferent attitude toward his church. His determination to remain steadfast was warmly seconded by Elizabeth—an Episcopal herself, but who, nevertheless, reserved an independence of thought on matters religious that commanded little short of admiration from Walter.

Among the workmen in the mill, whom Walter was obliged to meet in his daily work, was a young man of his own age, Louis Guiles, a checker in the shipping department. He was of medium height, dark hair and blue eyes, and of a pleasing, quiet disposition; Walter and he warmed to each other the first time they met. Often they walked to the car line together. One afternoon, as they were passing a pool hall on their way from work, Walter suggested:

"Louis, let's go in and shoot a game of pool. It's been so long since I was in a pool hall that I guess I have almost forgotten the game."

"No, Walt, I haven't got time to stop tonight; and besides, I've never played a game of pool in my life. I don't think it's

best for a fellow to go into those places. Just look, the air is blue with smoke, and, by the sound, its 'blue' with something worse than smoke! If I had a pool table home, I wouldn't mind playin' the game; but in pool rooms, nothin' doing!"

"Gracious! Lu, you're a regular preacher. Pastor Green couldn't do as good himself. Come, if you're so sour on pool, have a 'cig' anyway, and make a little 'blueing' for yourself. By the way, though, I've never seen you smoke—how about it?"

"Nope, you'll have to excuse me on that, too, Walt; thanks just the same."

"Well, first thing I know you'll be coming to work with a Prince Albert, and your collar turned hind side 'fore."

"I'll tell you, Walt, come up to the house tomorrow afternoon and I'll tell you something about why I don't do these things. I might say right now, though, that you know as well as I that tobacco ain't good for you—it's got nicotine, an awful poison, and —"

"Of course, I know that; but, Lu, tea and coffee are bad also—contain poisons as you say—but I'll bet that you drink them every day. Didn't I see you with a bottle of cold tea just this noon?"

"Yes, I'll admit you did; but I haven't drunk coffee in a long time, and I'm tryin' to give up tea."

"Geewillikers! there must be something behind all this. I sure'll be up tomorrow to see you and your folks—I suppose they are as extraordinary as you are. I smoke, drink tea and coffee, and once in a while a glass of beer. Here's your car—so long!"

That evening, as his uncle and Elizabeth were rocking on the front porch, Walter suddenly turned and inquired regarding Louis Guiles.

"Guiles is a peculiar chap," answered his uncle. "He acts different from most men. He has no use for gossip or a dirty story—something that can't be said for most of the men at the mill. When it comes to pitchin' horseshoes with the boys, or something like that, though, he's a crackerjack. Why, what about him?"

"Nothing, except that he has invited me up to his home for tomorrow, and I believe I'll go, but wish some of you would go along with me, as it will be a little strange for me in Glens Falls.

"Tell you what let's do, papa; let's all take a walk up there tomorrrow," suggested Elizabeth.

"Nothin' doing," answered her father. "I will want to work the corn a little, and, besides, I doubt if the fellow would appreciate our all piling in on him unexpected. You and Walter go along if you want to; you never do get enough walking—

stuck in the shirt mill all day and ride back and forth to work on the car."

Early the next afternoon Elizabeth and Walter started out on the four-mile walk, none of the rest caring to accompany them. On the way, the subject of religion came up for discussion.

"Walter, you've always been an Episcopal, haven't you?" began Elizabeth.

"Yes; why?"

"Well, so have I, but I'm tired of it!" she blurted out. "It's nothing but money, money all the time; I get so sick and tired of their asking for my hard-earned pennies that I could almost quit going to church. And now, you know, Mr. Green wants his salary raised, claiming that he has received a call from the Glens Falls church. I overheard some of the vestrymen talking that we would have to raise his salary, as he was building up the church, but as for me, I would be glad if they got rid of him, as his sermons are so dry and are more for the folks who are able to buy the expensive pews up front. I suppose I hadn't ought to talk this way, but I can't help it. It seems a shame that salvation has got to be mixed up with money, like everything else. You know, Walter," she went on warmly, "that the biggest thing being sold today and which has the largest number of salesmen is the gospel of Christ. Christ didn't do that way—"

"Of course," interrupted her companion, "it wasn't necessary for him to demand money. He had no one to look after but himself, and by his miraculous power he could feed not only himself, but the multitude. And even if he had accepted money, you know the 'laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

"Maybe you are right, Walter; but it does seem to me that salvation should not be dependent upon money. The way Reverend Green is doing makes me think that, so far as he is concerned, we can either pay him more money or lose our souls' salvation. He is supposed to know the way to heaven, but, like those new-fangled gas meters, he won't work unless you put a quarter in the slot. I would give anything to meet someone who would talk religion to you without eyeing up your pocketbook!"

"But, Elizabeth, how would a minister live if you didn't pay him? Reverend Green has gone through college and educated himself probably at a great expense. He's married and has a family and needs all the money he can get, which is little enough at best. I'll admit, though, that I am getting tired of the same prayers, the same chants, and the same sermons, Sunday after Sunday. I wish we could have more of a variety.

However, let's drop the subject, as I don't think it's really the proper thing for us to do to speak so disrespectful of our church."

"I don't care," retorted Elizabeth. "I'm in the habit of thinking for myself, just like papa. Somehow or other, I think ministers should be more like Peter and James—fishermen; or, like Paul—tentmakers. How a man could do it nowadays and preach too I don't know. You may not know it," she confided, "but I pray as well as I know how for help on religion, and I feel that, one of these days, I am going to know more about it."

Beaming forth anew from her countenance was that look of trust and hope which Walter had noticed once before when she had spoken on the subject of prayer, her figure walking proudly erect, and her luxuriant, dark brown tresses winnowing in the summer breeze. "How different she is from most of the factory girls!—girls from whom the erect carriage and bloom of youth have been robbed by the ceaseless grind of the shirt-making machines," he thought.

Tired in body, but refreshed in spirit, they reached the Guiles home. Louis, who answered the bell, was glad to see them, and introduced them to his father and mother, a couple well along in years; his sisters, Florence and Hattie, in their late teens; and to Messrs. Lafayette and Maxwell, two well-developed specimens of manhood, one somewhat older than the other, whom Walter took to be the beaux of the girls.

The afternoon wore pleasantly on, and as it was quite a fad to show the wonders of post-card albums, Walter became busily engaged in looking through one belonging to Florence. At length, they came to a card showing a hill rising abruptly from the lowlands. At the bottom of the card was the inscription: "Hill Cumorah, Palmyra, N. Y."

"What hill is that, Miss Guiles?" he asked.

"Why, in that hill were found golden plates containing the history of the Indians," she answered.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Walter, greatly interested. "Why, when I went to school, they told me that there was absolutely no record anywhere of the Indians. Of course, I knew that 'Indians' was not the proper name for them, they being called that because Columbus supposed he had discovered India, but I did not suppose that anyone claimed to have a real history of them."

"Mr. Lafayette can tell you more about that than I. Suppose you go over and talk with him," she suggested.

"Mr. Lafayette, he wants to know about the golden plates and the Hill Cumorah," she announced.

"Yes, I am very much interested, "added Walter. "Have

you a copy of the book with you?" he inquired, seating himself on the couch beside the gentleman.

"Yes, I have," replied the latter, reaching into his pocket and pulling forth a book of ordinary size.

Walter glanced curiously at the title, "Book of Mormon." "That's a funny name," he thought, "but I suppose they just gave it that name to make it a good seller."

Then spoke the other: "This book was given to a young man by the name of Joseph Smith by an angel called Moroni. Several men saw this angel and the plates, in a vision. I'll read what they said if you don't mind."

At the mention of "angel," Walter half rose from his seat, startled to the depths. "My heavens, they're 'Mormons'!" he almost thought aloud.

Glancing across the room he saw Elizabeth in earnest conversation with Mr. Maxwell. His only thought was to get away as quickly as possible. To think that he had brought Elizabeth into such a nest as this! Just as he was about to call to her that they "had better go home," something seemed to say to him, "Wherein have they acted wrong in your presence? Have they not behaved like perfect gentlemen? Then, you treat them as such!"

Reluctantly Walter settled back in his seat, resolved that he would not carry on the conversation and to withdraw at the first favorable opportunity. Mr. Lafayette was evidently taking in the state of Walter's feelings, for several times, as he read, he glanced furtively at Walter who sat cold and impassive.

After Mr. Lafayette had finished reading and explaining briefly what the Book of Mormon purported to be, somehow or other—Walter never afterward could tell—the subject of baptism came up. This touched a sore spot, as Walter had had many unpleasant experiences in arguing this doctrine before. In spite of himself, he commented:

"I don't think it makes any difference what way you are baptized."

"Why don't it?" demanded the other rather sharply.

"Oh, I have come to believe lately that if you have the right spirit, the mode makes little difference—it's just a matter of preference, that's all."

"I'll tell you, Mr. Nelson, that's what people have thought for many years, and, as a result, some baptize by immersion, some by sprinkling and pouring, and others say that baptism isn't necessary at all; and yet, each and every one of them claims to get his ideas from the Bible. Now, if you'll permit, I shall call your attention to some Bible passages which I think will show you that baptism by immersion is the true mode."

Walter listened attentively, though at first he was some-

what disappointed that the passages were not new to him. However, as Mr. Lafayette explained the meaning of the scriptures as he understood them, a panorama of the plan of salvation opened gloriously before him—a vision of the gospel such as he had never dreamed!

"Mr. Lafayette," he said solemnly, "my aunt, who brought me up since I was about ten years old, and who was a Baptist, many times has tried to convert me to this doctrine, but could not. She has read time and time again those very passages which you have explained, but I refused to believe her. And yet, I'll have to admit," he continued, deeply moved, "that you, an utter stranger, have absolutely convinced me that baptism by immersion is the only way the Bible teaches. I can't understand why I wouldn't believe her," he concluded regretfully.

"I believe I can tell you the reason why, Mr. Nelson: I am an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and have been divinely commissioned to preach the gospel and administer in its ordinances. I do not believe that the Church to which your aunt belongs has the right to act in the name of Christ. You remember that when Christ preached to the people they wondered at his talk and said, "He speaks as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

"Don't you think that is a rather narrow-minded way of looking at it," objected Walter. "You know, while I always preferred my own church to any other, yet I have always felt that we were all on our way to heaven and that it really made little difference which road one traveled, so long as he lived up to what he believed."

"Yes, I know; that is the way most of the Christian world look at it. But, answer me this: Upon what is your church founded?"

"The Bible, of course."

"Upon what is your aunt's church founded?"

"The Bible."

"Then it must be that either the Bible contradicts itself, or else that one of you are wrong in your doctrines, for it is nonsense for one of you to say that baptism by immersion is the right mode, while the other says that it can be done by sprinkling. Both cannot be right."

"Well—no; but is baptism such an important principle, after all?"

"Don't you think that if it was necessary for Christ to go down into the water to 'fulfill all righteousness' that it is necessary for us?" demanded the elder. "Then, too, don't forget that Christ told Nicodemus: 'Except a man be born of water

and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.' From that, it looks as if baptism is very essential.

"Now speaking of being founded on the Bible," he went on: "all other churches make that claim, except the Catholic. There are dozens of sects all claiming to take their authority and doctrines direct from the scriptures, and yet, they differ, sometimes bitterly so, upon essential points. Christ told his disciples: 'My house is a house of order.' If that is so, there can be but one true church, the others being built upon the sand of men's opinions rather upon the rock of revelation. So, you must not think me narrow-minded in saying that ours is the only true Church, for in order to be consistent, we must claim this."

"But isn't your Church founded on the Bible?" queried Walter.

"We accept the Bible as the greatest book in the world—a book covering history, prophecy, and doctrine, all of which is to be read and understood accordingly. We believe the Book of Mormon to be an additional witness to the divine mission of the Redeemer. And yet, our Church is not established upon either of these books—we could do without them both if necessary. We claim to be founded upon direct revelation from heaven in these, the latter days. We have a Prophet who stands at the head of our Church, and to him the Lord reveals his mind and will when necessary. We assert that the true Church of Christ was not upon the earth between the time shortly after Christ's crucifixion and the year 1830, it having been taken away because of the terrible persecution the early Saints went through, and because of the dissension and wickedness that crept in amongst them. We claim that the same gospel that Christ preached has been restored from heaven to the Prophet Joseph Smith. We affirm that we have the same organization that Christ had, with all the officers, gifts, powers and blessings."

"It is almost time for our cottage meeting, and we should very much like to have you stay. My companion, Mr. Maxwell, and I are out here as missionaries, at our own expense, preaching the gospel free of charge, and we are glad to run across people who are fair-minded and willing to listen."

"Well, I don't know whether my cousin would care to stay," he answered doubtfully. "You know there is a great deal of prejudice against the 'Mormons,' in this part of the country. I'll go over and speak to her, however."

(*To be continued.*)

Her Testimony

Zella A. Johnson

It was at "fast meeting." The congregation sat silent, no one wished to speak. The lingering notes of the choir's song, "All is well," rang through the mind, but all was not "well." There was no response to the call of the Spirit.

The silence became oppressive. The older members sat rigid, but the younger ones fidgeted and looked from one face to another. Way down on a front seat, near the organ sat Christina Jensen; her spare figure erect, thin hands clasped tightly, lips in a colorless line, eyes straight ahead. To Christina the silence was oppressive. Would they wait forever on her? That was her thought. She had never borne her testimony, since coming to America from dear old Denmark. She almost wished herself back at home beyond the sea.

Christina Jensen was a lonely little widow whose life partner lay beneath the grass in a far away land. Two years in America had not served to teach her slow tongue the unreasonable English, and her sensitive soul shrank from the open ridicule of the younger generation and the amused smiles of the elder, at her broken speech.

Testimony meeting was her special trial. She suffered intensely from an unsatisfied desire to speak of the gospel of Christ, the gospel, dearer to her than all else.

Today it seemed to her as if they waited, waited for her, and the thought came to her, this was her test, would she take the opportunity, or would she let it pass and refuse to open her mouth in grateful thanks and praise to her God? At once she resolved to be brave. A silent prayer rose from her trembling heart.

"God help me to speak as I wish!"

The humble woman made an effort to rise, and as she faltered her shifting glance fell on the keys of the organ.

Ah! here was a language all understood. A tongue she could speak and all would listen. In her old home, for years she had played the little old organ in the white stone church, and her heart delighted in the harmony her clever fingers wrought.

When her husband died, she had joined her only son in Zion across the sea, and in the midst of brilliant talent her one accomplishment had never been mentioned. Now in answer to her fervent prayer came an inspiration. She slipped softly to the stool and let her hands touch lightly the keys. A chord, soft yet

full and sweet, broke the stillness. For a moment her fingers, unguided by her excited brain, wandered from harmony to harmony; but at last found their place and the throbbing melody rolled out, her mind following in her beloved Danish with the words:

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from Thy path on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

The last solemn tone faded away. The lonely little stranger slipped silently back to her place, but the spell was broken. One after another the people arose and some opened their hearts that day whose tongues had not acknowledged God for years.

As the congregation passed quietly out, the gentle smiles, the many greeting hands outstretched to her, confirmed the truth in Christina's heart that God had accepted her testimony.

ABOUT TOBACCO

Will H. Brown, Oakland, California, superintendent Press Bureau No-Tobacco League of America, says: It is reported that Sergeant Yorks, America's great world war hero, is to tour the United States in a campaign against cigarettes.

Notwithstanding Spain and Egypt are noted as tobacco manufacturing countries, the raising of tobacco is prohibited by both governments, says the *Irish Tobacco Trade Journal*. America should certainly be as wise in the right use of her soil as these degenerate nations.

The *San Francisco Examiner* wisely says: "If you waut to know what reform is coming next, see what the funny papers are hee-hawing over. Ridicule points the way of progress." Just now the funny papers are joining the tobacco trade organs in a campaign of ridicule of those who are working for the overthrow of tobacco. It is an easy guess what the outcome will be.

The girls of Champaign, where is located the University of Illinois have formed an organization to do away with cigarette smoking in the college city, and have pledged themselves to not associate with boys who smoke. They are working for one thousand members. The boys of Champaign are getting even by forming an organization, pledging themselves that they will not keep company with any girl who wears short, low-necked dresses, or who uses rouge or paint. The example of both should be followed by the youths of every city, town and hamlet in the world.

The Atonement

John G. McQuarrie

I have been asked to discuss the subject of the atonement of Jesus Christ, not particularly the scriptural phase, which states it as an accomplished fact, but rather to treat the subject from the viewpoint of reason, and then to show a necessity and justification for it.

When we consider any of the fundamentals of life, whether we study the cells which go to make up the plants, or the cells which go to make the animals, or try to decipher those subtle, elusive agencies at work in forming the lower and simpler forms into the higher more complex and more beautiful expressions of life, we soon discover that we are approaching problems which we cannot fully solve.

We may never in mortality solve the real mystery of life, yet the study of biology has helped us to more *profitably cooperate* with nature by revealing many of the unvarying laws upon which desired results are predicated. So, too, in approaching this subject of the atonement, I do not expect to solve the deep-hidden mystery, but rather to find within the realm of our own experience, sufficient justification for it. So that even a doubting Thomas may be persuaded to move forward, with reasonable assurance that he will find joy and profit by willingly cooperating with the Master in his plan for the redemption of mankind.

That some such exposition or analysis is needed must be evident as soon as we try to find a reason, outside of authoritative obedience, for either the vicarious work our people are doing for the dead, or the individual conformity to certain principles and ordinances required of the living. The gospel, as a philosophy of life, rests on two facts, the fall of man and the atonement of Jesus Christ; but since we cannot build a logical philosophy on two mysteries, we must admit them as possible facts in order to have a basis for further reasoning. That gives us a working hypothesis. If we say that in some mysterious way man fell and in some mysterious way Christ atoned for the sin, we can just as logically say that in some mysterious way man is saved by the operation, either by grace, election, or foreordination, as to claim the necessity of conforming to a certain number of other ordinances or principles.

In order to prove the necessity of any factor in any given scheme or plan we must admit in the premises of the argument

the necessity of attaining the object or accomplishing the purpose for which the plan has been designed.

Without going into a discussion of the fall, let us admit, without argument, that man, if not fallen, was, at the time of the Messiah's Advent, in a condition far below his possibilities. Let us also admit that it is necesary for the race to avoid a state of misery and reach a state of happiness, and that it was the purpose of the atonement to make possible the attainment of the latter condition. The theological terms for the two states are hell and heaven.

We will furher admit that it was God's purpose to bring about through the mission and atonement of Jesus the Christ, the complete happiness of all of his children.

With this object of the atonement well settled in our minds, let us ask the question: *On what does the happiness of the world depend?* The worldly idea seems to have been that the great object could be attained through technical knowledge, material wealth, or physical and political power. But such agencies are only the tools of life and so far as happiness is concerned they have often marred, and have never made it complete. Probably the best answer that could be given the question is: The happiness of the world is determined by the character of the people.

Character is a broad term. It may include the illuminating factor of knowledge. It may utilize such tools as wealth, and power to make environment harmonize with the taste or needs, according to the degree of development; but character, is the great determining acquirement for man's success and happiness.

In order that the masses of humanity, who are steeped in ignorance, sin and superstition, and beset by false ideals and selfish longing, might recognize and acquire this thing we call character what factors or agencies would be necessary?

In our efforts to become proficient in certain departments of knowledge, such as music, art, science, etc., we have found that we need: (1) standards which will help us to discover the goal and by which we may measure our approach toward it, (2) also examples and teachers to assist the beginner in following the selected course, (3) the general rules or laws by which the particular study may be made workable.

In any such scheme of educational cooperation it is logical and reasonable to suppose that the college or institute which we attend must furnish the standards, supply the examples, and teach, or at least lay down, the several fundamental rules and laws which must be learned or mastered. The logical position of the student is to study the subject and then to apply the rules—in order to make the art or science his own.

Now, in order that man might acquire a true character, would it not be reasonable, in fact necessary, for him to discover or choose a true standard or ideal, by which to measure his own actions, and to find an example to interpret this standard and ideal in terms of human activities? Then he must find some teacher or guide who will outline the laws and rules to be observed, in order that he might make this perfect character his aim and his ideal.

We do not need to take anything for granted or to do any guessing in answering this question. We have the written history of ideal principles of nearly six thousand years from which to draw our conclusions. But until such a personal standard was revealed through Jesus Christ, the mystery of a true character remained as Paul testified, "hid in God from the beginning." Man made little progress toward discovering it. The world was full of false standards and false ideals, but no true one personal standard had ever been portrayed. All the Old Testament characters, all the pagan gods were faulty and showed human weakness here and there. Man had never conceived a perfect human character. He could not do so, for the world is bounded by what we don't know. The tropic savage cannot conceive of snow and ice. Every superstructure, whether social, ethical or political, built on the worldly ideal of greatness was, "like the house built on the sand" which tumbled to ruin, carrying down in the fall, king and serfs, slave and master, priest and soldier alike.

The worldly idea of greatness in character whether applied to an individual or to a nation, was might, force, power to rule. Humility was weakness, service was menial.

When the Master came in the meridian of time he made known the dignity of service, the power of humility, and that happiness is an abiding influence which above is found along the line of self-sacrifice instead of in self-gratification. He set up for the world the perfect standard for human character.

We have reached then reason number one for Christ's mission. Of course, we cannot arrive at the absolute in any process of reasoning, we cannot determine what might eventually have transpired, if certain events had not occurred; but with the history of the past before us, and with what we know of human strength and weakness, human success and failure we may ask (1) should the world have waited and suffered until through purely human agencies, a true ideal was evolved or a perfect character discovered? Or shall we conclude that it was necessary for God to reveal the standard character in the way he chose to do. Perfection was not in man, it centered in God. Therefore, a mortal man could not have reflected or represented the Divine character, neither could God in his immortal state

have interpreted his own character in terms of human activities. Therefore there was the necessity of just such a personality that Christ disclosed himself to be, half mortal, half divine, "The Only Begotten of the Father," the Son of Man and the Son of God, a being possessing a mortal tabernacle, and a divine nature, coming on earth as the divine standard of character.

The importance of the example set by Jesus Christ, and that he is the great example of the race, is generally admitted by well informed men regardless of their church affiliation or non-affiliation; but the point I want to make clear is this: that it was necessary for some one more than a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Confucius, or a Moses to perform this mission. No one but the Christ the Son of God could have accomplished it.

If we admit the necessity of his example for mortals, we next ask why was the great sacrifice necessary? In the first place it was necessary in order to complete the example. In considering the effect of example there is a great moral value in the common-place, but no stimulus. We need the stimulus of the definite heroic action. If we think for a moment of the difficulty men have had in "trying to follow in his steps" and teach the principles he taught, we shall at once appreciate the fact that he not only showed man how to live, but also how to die.

The uplifting of humanity is such a stupendous, continuous task, including the fight against false standards, old traditions, vain philosophies, base superstitions, usurped class privileges, and selfishness in all its gilded forms, that it requires more than an ideal, it needs an example, and rules of conduct to make it effective. It requires organization, power, authority, control.

There are but two principles of power and control. One is force, the other love. One operates from without, the other from within. One restrains the arm, the other purifies the heart. One enslaves, the other makes free. Force, though often tried, has always failed. Love we can safely assume, was the only law that would fit into this scheme of world redemption. But love, unlike force, cannot be applied through physical agencies such as armies, navies, prisons, etc. There is no "open sesame" word, no arbitrary powre which can call this subtle, mysterious system of reciprocal chords into being. We know less about this experienced thing we call love, than we do about electricity. We cannot hope to define it. The best we can do is to observe the condition which generates it, get connected up with the dynamo and witness the illumination.

Patriotism is a love of the fathers, the principles for which they stood. Have you ever felt it? What condition established

the tie of sympathy between the fathers of the Revolution and us, their natural or adopted children? There is a love which dutiful children feel for benevolent parents. Have you ever felt it? There is a love which parents have for their children. Have you experienced it? If so, we can probably draw from our mutual experiences *this* conclusion, that the strongest, most enduring reciprocal ties of love are developed only by and through dependence, vicarious work, and sacrifice.

Try to imagine our devotion to principle, our appreciation of liberty, our love of the Father who bequeathed them, if no sacrifice had ever been made. Try to imagine the unselfish sacrifices made by the Revolutionary fathers, that high-born courage and faith which sustained them through years of struggle, if they themselves had not felt vicariously that the fate of their children and the future of the unborn was included in their cause!

Try to imagine without an example before you being made responsible for the control of a family, and the development of the children until the gulf between weakness and strength, ignorance and knowledge, innocence and virtue, should all close up so that your children to you might become not only interesting but companionable. Then imagine eliminating the conditions of dependence on the part of those children and the necessity of sacrifice on the part of yourself, with no opportunity to do for them the things they could not do for themselves! Under such conditions imagine circumstances arising in the home where the strong stimulus of parental example to heroic action may be necessary or where the strong parental restraint against determined but misguided desire could not be used! Could you lay hold of the cords of love and feel sure that they were strong enough to stand the strain?

Sacrifice is not only the means of developing love, but it is the only means of proving it. England at present feels very solicitous for the good of Ireland; she would like her to become a willing cooperator and interested factor in building the British Empire. But when Ireland was conquered and dependent, England never made a sacrifice which would prove to Ireland England's unselfish interest in Ireland's welfare; now it is too late. On the other hand, the United States did do for helpless Cuba what she could not do for herself. The sacrifice made in blood and treasure put the high purpose of the Government beyond question. The magnanimity shown will command from Cuba the services of friendship when the force of armies and navies might fail.

God so loved the world that he gave his Only Begotten Son that whosoever believed in him might not perish but have everlasting life. The world was in a condition from which it

could not extricate itself. Christ was willing to perform the vicarious work. He made a sacrifice which put his love beyond question and enabled him to quicken in the hearts of men the eternal law of love by means of which he will eventually bring them all to him and make them feel the joy of fellowship in his Father's family. He proved his love by his death.

That the death of Jesus Christ was necessary to complete his example and that some such great sacrifice was necessary to establish confidence and awaken love, can be proved from our own experience; but the most difficult problem for reason to grasp is the central and most vital phase of the Great Act: Grace! If the world stands under the condemnation of sin, why should the shedding of Christ's blood in justice effect any relief? Why should the penalty paid by one be carried over to and relieve another?

In order to get our bearing, let us first define the terms which enter as prime factors into the problem. What is law? Hooker says, "Of law no less can be acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world." Sin, therefore, is the discord of the world. Sin has an outward and an inward effect; the inward affecting the life of the individual and the outward affecting the life of his fellow man.

Penalty is the natural consequence endured by the person who breaks the law or the specific price he must pay to compensate the injury done to others. Atonement signifies making restitution, paying penalty, bringing ourselves into accord, and in the sense we are now using the term it indicates vicarious work.

Justice is the principle of rectitude and just dealings of men with one another. It is that virtue which enables men to distinguish and maintain the proper relationship between law and penalty, keeping in mind the object of law and the purpose of penalty.

Aristotle held justice to be the principle of virtue toward others, and he distinguished between the justice of equity, which considers the purpose of harmony, and the mere legality of an action.

Mercy signifies the forebearance from inflicting a harm or exacting a penalty when one has the legal right or power to inflict it. It is the compassionate treatment of an offender. Bacon says, "Examples of justice must be made for terror to some, and examples of mercy for comfort to others."

If, from the point of equity we study law, and penalty, and justice and mercy, with restitution as their object—we shall find them equally just and necessary.

Law is the finger board directing us on that path which leads to harmony, liberty, and mutual enjoyment.

Penalty warns us that we are out of the true course. Its object and effect is to force us back before the final crash comes that would wreck our lives, and destroy the happiness of others. By experiencing penalty we may determine the distance we are from the path we should follow; but when this result has been accomplished, penalty has served its main purpose, no matter who has paid it, whether paid by the sinner or by someone who is willing to suffer that the sinner may escape.

The object of justice is to restore order and happiness, but what we shall here call legal justice, could not accomplish this worthy object, simply with the cold unfeeling operation of human law and human penalty, because penalty with its two-fold effect soon places the persistent law-breaker in a condition of helplessness, a condition where he has not the power either to repair the injury he has done to himself or others. He might be annihilated, but annihilation would not restore the happiness of the individual himself nor bring restitution or order where his actions had wrought discord and injury. Law and penalty alone would defeat themselves.

But no principle is true in itself; it is true only as it is truly related to other things. Justice could not be justice, taken alone; only when associated with mercy can it accomplish its purpose, or even be understood. The Jews had their cities of refuge and their scape-goat and the paschal lamb itself was the symbol of a vicarious atonement. Conversely, mercy without justice would cease to be mercy, because if an individual could not demand the payment of a debt, he could not extend mercy in forgiving it.

If law and penalty did not force the evil doer to the very end of his resources, he might never realize his true condition, but when he has been brought to a realization of his utter dependence, and the obligation he is under to the injured one or to the society whose laws he has broken; when he realizes that the course he has followed has brought him to the very antipodes of happiness, justice has accomplished all that is possible for it to do, working alone. She has brought the individual to realize his dependence, a condition necessary to commence development; but justice must now allow mercy to take up her work.

Some strong person who has the love of God and humanity in his heart and who has the power to do so, is willing, in order to save a soul, to undertake the task of vicarious atonement. He satisfies the demands of justice. He pays the penalty of sin that the sinner may measure the law he has broken by the price that was paid by his friend for his sake. If you had carried a load of debt for years, and old age found you unable even to keep up the interest, would you not love the friend who would come

to your rescue and clear off the whole debt giving you a fresh start in life? Could you ever be grateful enough to him?

This manifestation of real love, this great sacrifice of the stronger for the weaker is just as sure to kindle the flame of love in the heart of the weaker brother as a mother's love and devotion is to kindle it in the heart of her child. And as the love begins to work in a regenerative way, his repentance will grow more sincere, his gratitude will deepen. He will be bound to the one who has purchased and redeemed him, and with this hold the redeemer can lead him by example into the realm of a higher life where they can meet and be companionable.

The one making such a sacrifice will find a blissful consciousness in the good accomplished that will repay him for the pain endured or the goods sacrificed. Both the redeemed and the redeemer are thus truly blessed. In this there is a restitution of happiness, a vindication of law. When the weaker has become strong, he can do for others what has been done for him. With the recognition of the justice of this vicarious work the world can be saved, harmony reestablished, love made a workable virtue. Without this principle the world would rest under a curse.

Such was the mission of our elder Brother, Jesus Christ, and such the condition of the world at the time of his advent. The dread disease of sin had spread its contagion through every soul and there was no known remedy or cure for the moral leprosy.

To prevent evil conditions the course leading to them must be understood. Thousands have been swept from the earth by cholera, black plague, leprosy, and other diseases caused by the unsanitary conditions in which people lived. The people, however, did not know the cause, did not know that they were filthy, but when the conditions were made known, a cleansing took place and the evils were averted. Thus many of the conditions which afflict humanity result from causes which are unobserved by those who suffer, and misunderstood by those whose duty it is to administer the remedy. When a great eruption shakes the body politic, we usually attribute it to anarchy, vice, drunkenness, infidelity, or some of the glaring evils; but the majority of the people feel that they are not guilty of such sins and that they are not responsible for the seething mass of iniquity which pollutes the world. But the greatest sin ever committed, that sin which caused the angels to weep and men to blush with shame, was not the result of any of those glaring evils. The crime was inflicted by the supporters of law, by the examples of virtue, those who were ceremoniously clean and strictly temperate. This spasm which swept up through the social system and struck down the King of kings and Lord of lords, started from the simple, com-

mon, and unholy malady we call selfishness. The germ of this disease is in every human heart unless it has been cleansed by the Great Physician.

How was man to know the fearful effect and prevalence of this sin? When selfishness met selfishness, when force ran counter to force and one party was vanquished and the other triumphed by force, the eyes of the world followed the victor, and they saw a virtue in his strength and they gloried in his power. He had not broken any law, he had simply adhered to the law of selfish self-preservation.

If we were all black, we would not be conscious of our color until a white man came among us to reveal the fact by contrast. Where all were selfish, one free from the weakness had to come to reveal the fact to us. Selfishness lies at the root of sin, the end of sin is death.

Christ came like a lamb among wolves, and when he was torn assunder without mercy, the heartless nature of the wolves was discovered; and we saw, too, that this selfish nature was something that all men were tainted with and under the same circumstances and conditions the disease in us would manifest similar symptoms.

The death of Jesus Christ, although foreknown, was the natural effect of the condition of the world, a penalty that he voluntarily met because he did not use his power to avert it, a penalty which shows us how the harmony of law will be broken as long as selfishness dominates the world.

In the life of Christ we see the beauty of unselfish love and truth, and in his death we witness the effect of selfish sin, brutal force. If, through this penalty, we can become conscious of the laws we have broken, if we are filled with a sincere admiration for the harmony of law and the beauty which Christ has revealed, and we are willing to make the necessary effort to attain to the truer ideals of life, so far as we can, the penalty he paid has served its purpose, and God, whose laws we have broken, can justly forgive without the price being paid in eternal pain by us; instead we pay the price in love and gratitude to the One who has opened our eyes and who is willing to lead us into a better realm of life.

Now let us summarize the principles we have found operating in God's plan of redemption. The experience of the race has proved human agencies ineffectual to bring about a state of happiness.

We may begin, therefore, by acknowledging man's dependence, a condition necessary to development. Jesus Christ on his part has fixed a true ideal, set an example, revealed our relationship to a higher order of beings, has given us definite rules of

ation to perfect us individually, and revealed a social system by which we may unite as a community. He has made a sacrifice that should touch every heart and awaken within it the flame of love and gratitude.

Our object was not to solve the mystery of the atonement, but to find in the realm of our own experiences sufficient justification for that sacrifice.

I believe with Immanuel Kant, "That our prime thought, our reason proper, can reveal to us no theoretical, demonstrable, absolute fact about the nature of things, but can only show us on the one hand what, as rational beings, we are bound practically to assume as true, not as a matter of knowledge, but of faith."

In science as well as in religion there is a limit to absolute knowledge, a realm bounded by our own experiences, but ever floating above it is a necessary sphere of rational faith, a string or magnet lifting us into higher degrees of life. And as we ascend, our mental vision enlarges and the boundaries of our experiences break away into ever widening circles.

BELATED JOYS

Alveretta Engar

A robin drooped her head beneath her wing,
The joyous notes, also, she cannot sing,
No leafy bower in which to build her nest,
No mate nor little ones to lull to rest.

I gaze upon the dark and dreary skies,
My heart is heavy and tears bedim my eyes.
Where are the joys for which I wait and pray,
The joys I dreamed would come at break of day?

Where are the words of praise I long to hear,
The words of love my lonely heart to cheer?
I sit, as did the bird, with drooping head,
Hope, faith and love within me almost dead.

When lo! I hear a voice close by me speak,
"Cease thy complaints, sinful mortal and weak,
What tho' the morning sun refuse to shine,
Within thy soul there is a spark divine—

A heavenly flame whose hidden fire burns bright;
Arise! kindle that never-failing light!
'Twas He who said, "I am the light, the way."
Whose light shall shine thro' everlasting day.

"From Zion to Jerusalem"

Major De Rothschild goes to Palestine.

Major James De Rothschild, son of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, the noted Paris philanthropist, one of the leading sportsmen in England and France, who was recently in America, is leaving London for Palestine, reports the Jewish Correspondence Bureau. It is understood that while there he will confer with Winston Churchill, the English Colonial Secretary.

Latest figures available show that 2,513 Palestinians are at present employed by the Palestine government, reports the Jewish Correspondence Bureau. Of this number, 163 are holding positions of importance. The government also employes 417 Britishers of whom 213 are occupying positions of responsibility.

Sir Stuart Samuel Goes to Palestine.

Sir Stuart Samuel, one of the leading Jews in England, and President of the Jewish Board of Deputies, the most influential cording to the Jewish Correspondence Bureau, where he will be the guest of his brother Sir Herbert Samuel, the High Commissioner. Sir Stuart will make a study of conditions in Palestine.

To Organize Home Defense Battalions.

The Palestine government has completed arrangements for the establishment of two battalions to form a home-defense, says a Jewish Correspondence Bureau dispatch. The Battalion of the north will be composed mainly of Jews and will be under the command of Colonel Margolin, while that further south will be made up chiefly of Arabs. General Castell will be in charge of the entire force. Service will be for one year and new recruits will be added every six months.

Palestine Gradually Building up Adequate Railway System. Increasing Modern Facilities and Conveniences—Opening New Roads.

Prior to the armistice in 1918 it was practically impossible

to undertake the handling of civilian traffic owing to the heavy military demands on the railway. Subsequent to the armistice, however, through-booked goods consignments were accepted in unlimited quantities.

Passenger Coaches Used.

The lack of proper passenger rolling stock has been realized all through, and in December, 1919, the War Office was requested to authorize two complete hospital trains, consisting of 23 coaches, all told, to be converted into passenger coaches. Sixteen of these coaches which have been held up owing to the scarcity of fittings, etc., is now in course of completion. In consequence of the railway not being hitherto provided with proper rolling stock, it has been necessary to retain a number of Egyptian state railway coaches which were supplied during the war for the movement of troops and are of an old type.

Jerusalem Station Enlarged.

Jerusalem station is about three times the size it was prior to the war, and apart from increased booking facilities is being provided with modern lavatory arrangements and electric lighting.

Passenger Traffic Increased.

There has been a decided increase in the passenger traffic, and it is confidently expected that a large increase in the goods traffic will follow as time goes on and the country gets properly opened up.

In February of last year a service of dining and sleeping cars was inaugurated and these have proved to be a decided acquisition to the comfort of the traveling public.

A daily train service was instituted between Palestine and Egypt November last, and it is intended, as soon as further stock becomes available and if the traffic justifies the expense, to run an extra train later in the day on three days a week from Haifa to Ludd, and vice versa, in order to avoid passengers for Jaffa and Jerusalem lines having to proceed by the 5:15 a. m. train. That train will continue to run; otherwise passengers for Egypt would be obliged to spend the night at Kantara.

An arrangement has been made with the International Sleeping Car Company to provide a further number of dining and sleeping cars, and this will permit of the extra passenger train, which was put on in November last, having a dining and sleeping car attached to it, and if it is found that the traffic on the Jaffa-Jerusalem line warrants it, a dining car will be put on to this service.

Considerable alterations are being made to Ludd station in the shape of the construction of two island platforms with overhead cover.

First Class Accommodation Provided.

There has been a shortage of first class accommodation on the narrow gauge lines and this has been entirely due to the fact that the passenger coaches captured from the Turks were in a very bad state of repair, and it has been extremely difficult to obtain the necessary materials to put them again in running order. It is expected, however, that first class coaches will be available for both the Acre and Nablus services, within the next few weeks.

On April 3 the President of the World Zionist Organization, Dr. Weizmann, will arrive in the United States, accompanied by a number of prominent European Zionists, including Professor Einstein, the world-renowned scientist; M. M. Ussischkin, Naiditch and Hillel Zalatapolsky. This will be Dr. Weizmann's first visit to the United States.

REORGANIZATION OF THE GENERAL OFFICERS AND BOARD OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

As our magazine goes to press, the April Conference is going forward. Our own Relief Society Conference has passed bringing with it a great change in our General Board. President Emmeline B. Wells has been released because of her advanced age and her feeble health. The General Board was released and reorganized at the same time. The present personnnel is as follows:

President Clarissa Smith Williams; first counselor Jennie Brimhall Knight; second counselor, Louisa Yates Robinson; Secretary and Treasurer, Amy Brown Lyman.

Board Members: Emma A. Empey, Susa Young Gates, Janette A. Hyde, Sarah M. McClelland, Lillian Cameron, Annie Wells Cannon, Lelene Hart, Lottie Paul Baxter, Julia Alleman Childs, Cora Bennion, Julia A. F. Lund, Amy Whipple Evans, Ethel Reynolds Smith, Barbara Howell Richards, Rosanna C. Irvine.

In our June number the Conference minutes will be given in full, with an account of the thanges made.

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

SAMOAN RELIEF SOCIETY ITEMS

Relief Society organizations throughout Zion and the world are an integral part of the work of the gospel; and the Society serves its high purpose in the Samoan Mission, as we presume it does in other proselyting fields. Indeed, without the efforts of the sisters in the Church here, we fear that our cause would lack much of its prestige and vitality.

To illustrate how far reaching is the influence of our Society work and to what extent is its merits recognized by other sects, we need only to draw attention to recent occurrence in the "London Mission Society Church," the strongest sect in this Samoan group. In the ninety years since its establishment in Samoa (being established here the very year that our Church was organized, that is, 1830), this sect has interpreted Paul's admonition for "woman to hold silence in church," so as to preclude its female members from taking any active part in church work. But noting the very excellent labors of our Samoan Relief Society sisters as they faithfully went about the performance of their various activities, they decided in one of their big annual conventions not many months since, to organize their women into groups patterned after the "Mormon Relief Society," and they plainly said so.

It is a wonderful vindication of the divine work of the Prophet Joseph, that he, a lone individual practically fighting

his battle for truth without other assistance than his own integrity and his Heavenly Father's inspiration and revelation, should have been able to establish a perfect woman's organization which the world with all its learning has failed to equal and can only approach it in effectiveness and scope through the great work of the Relief Society.

Our Lamanite sisters here go about their errands of mercy and kindness in the spirit which has distinguished the "Mormon" Relief Societies above any mere charitable or war organization yet instituted. They are to be found in the home of suffering and affliction as soon as they learn there is need of a loving act or a sympathetic word; theirs are the hands which lay out the remains of the deceased, prepare the last burial robes and keep the death vigil; to the home of the needy they delight to carry various necessities, sometimes home grown fruits or delicaies and again it may be purchased from stores or shops; if a brother or sister be confined in a hospital for weary weeks of convalescing, thither the sisters frequently go with a variety of food and flowers to make life brighter and lighter. And greatest of all, their attention is now centered more upon Temple work and funds are being raised to aid in carrying on the work for their dead.

Regular weekly meetings are held, in which the procedure is similar to that at home. The uniform text book now studied is the Book of Mormon, and it is discussed each week with interest, developing stronger testimonies as the years go on.

For thirty-two years now our Church has been established in Samoa but it has not been possible till just now to establish the Relief Society in Apia, the chief seaport of the islands, and practically the only place where foreigners reside. We have Societies in other places, of course. Much bitterness of late has cropped out there, and other churches have forbidden their members to attend "Mormon" services. We first held Sunday evening meetings and so did they as was usual. But, to our surprise, when we began Monday night services as a preferable night, lo and behold, in order to defeat our purposes, they are now holding church Monday night. They even appealed to the American Consul to have Sister Laulii, our faithful saint at whose home meetings are held, and who married an American, (now deceased) warned that she was creating too much disturbance. The consul visited her, was convinced of her rights, and told her to go ahead. So the way was opened by the Lord, and last Sunday we organized the Relief Society in Apia, with Laulii as president. In other ways the work is expanding and we are very hopeful of the future.

Thirza A. Adams.

Teton Stake

On March 13, 1921, the Relief Societies of the Teton stake held a very successful and interesting conference. A program of duets, quartets, and anthems, together with the following subjects were given: The co-operation of the Relief Society with the Priesthood in genealogical work; temple marriages, proper conduct, and clothing. The subjects were treated in a general way, as well as with reference to local conditions. The attendance was very good.

Juarez Stake

A stake conference was held in Colonia Juarez in February. A comprehensive report of the work of the stake was given by President Fanny C. Harper, who expressed appreciation for the devotion of the Relief Society women, calling attention to the fact that the Mexican members are not behind their sisters in Relief Society activities. They contribute to charity, pay their membership and stake dues and take care of their record and accounts, using the teachers' books and the ward record books. Ward reports were given as follows: Juarez, Jane R. Spillsbury; Dublan, reported by Mrs. Bertha Pratt; Pacheco, reported by Mrs. Sarah Lunt; Garcia, reported by Mrs. Whetten. These presidents called attention to the splendid charity work being done, the devotion of the district teachers, the interesting work meetings held, and of entertainments given, including dramatics. Mrs. Maggie I. Bentley spoke on the responsibility of L. D. S. women to home, to school, to church, and to community. Counselors Agnes Whetten and Mollie Skousen spoke of the duties of the Relief Society women, and of the blessings which follow those who are willing to give service in this organization. President J. C. Bentley and counselors John Whetten and Albert Wagner were in attendance, and gave addresses which were very encouraging to the Relief Society workers. Appreciation was expressed for the splendid spirit accompanying all phases of the work, and for the apparent desire on the part of the members of accomplishing good through the organization. Subjects were outlined for the district teachers to discuss while visiting families.

Montpelier Stake

The Stake Relief Society officers and board members recently entertained at a get-acquainted social in honor of the Ward Relief Society officers and partners. Special guests were the stake presidency, and the stake officers of the Sunday school, Mutual Improvement Association, Primary Association, and Religion Class. Social games and old time dances were indulged in, and refreshments were served. During the month of February

four conventions or district meetings were held in Montpelier stake. Three of these conventions comprised three wards, and one comprised two wards. Meetings began at 11 o'clock a. m. Relief Society lessons were given, also musical selections and short talks by stake officers. After luncheon, a social hour was enjoyed.

Ogden Stake

On December 27, 1920, the Ogden stake Relief Society was reorganized. This action was made necessary because of the passing of Mrs. Isabelle B. Foulger, who had presided over the Relief Societies of Ogden stake for a number of years. The following officers were appointed: president, Mrs. Ida M. Treseder; counselors, Mrs. Emma A. Jensen, and Mrs. Kate F. Woodbury. Mrs. Elizabeth M. Goddard was retained as secretary and treasurer. Board members, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Ipsen and Mrs. Lydia S. Merrill.

Anniversary Day

In practically all the wards of the Church, and in the missions, March 17 was celebrated with appropriate exercises. It was 79 years on that day since the Relief Society was organized, and the celebration of that event included historical sketches, tableaux, pageants, plays, readings, addresses, reminiscences, cantatas, etc., etc. In Brigham City the five wards joined together in a program which consisted of a pageant with the following special features: organization of the Relief Society in 1842; the gathering of wheat; silk culture; teachers' work; and accompanying these features were appropriate songs and other musical numbers. Among those representing early characters in the work was Mr. Calvin W. Richards, who represented his father, Willard Richards. The Malad stake reunion was held in the Malad stake tabernacle on March 17. An excellent program was given, followed by a banquet. The tables were daintily spread, and the decorations were green and white, with shamrock place-cards and blooming shamrocks. The serving committee consisted of young Relief Society members from 25 to 30 years of age. The celebration ended with a dancing party in the evening. Members from the Washakie Indian organization were in attendance, dressed in their very best. Three of the older women sang a song in their own language, while the young women sang "Somewhere the sun is shining." These women also took part in the dancing and were as graceful as any of their sisters. The first and second ward Relief Societies of Salina entertained all Relief Society members of North Sevier stake with their partners, the object being to get better acquainted

with the members of the new stake. The entertainment began at 2 p. m. A very interesting program, consisting of musical numbers, readings, historical sketches, and encouraging talks were given, after which luncheon was served. The Relief Society women of Salina were highly complimented on this splendid entertainment. In the St. George stake Relief Society programs were given on Wednesday, March 16. For years the St. George stake Relief Society has reserved the 17 of March as their general Relief Society temple day, so this year being a repetition of the past, the day was spent in the temple by a large number of workers who gave this service to the temple. March 17 was also "Good Roads Day" in St. George, set aside by the mayor to improve some of the streets. The Relief Society members furnished luncheon for those who worked on the road. In the St. Joseph stake a stake Relief Society conference and social was held on March 17, annual day. This conference was a climax to the ward conferences which had just previously been held in all of the twenty wards of the stake. There was a large attendance of women from all over the stake, and the interest was intense throughout. The stake presidency, eight high councilmen, seven bishops, and a number of others, were present. The morning session was devoted entirely to the sayings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, while the afternoon was devoted to biographical sketches of the five general presidents of the Relief Society, with a historical sketch of the organization of the St. Joseph stake. In connection with the program, delightful and appropriate musical numbers were given. In Farmington, March 17 was celebrated as an anniversary day and ward reunion combined. After the close of a very interesting program, a luncheon was served, cafeteria style, to 250. In the evening a dancing party was held.

Bear River Stake.

On February 20, a character ball was given by the Relief Society women, and proved to be one of the most interesting entertainments ever given in the stake. There was a splendid group of pioneers, pilgrims, Indians, with their chiefs, colonial characters, including George and Martha Washington, Church characters, including President Brigham Young and President Emmeline B. Wells.

Bear Lake Stake.

At the last meeting of the stake and local officers' and members the literary lesson, "Come, come, ye Saints" was given. After the lecture and discussion, a quartet sang the hymn, and a little pageant was given, depicting the Pioneers. In the visiting

teachers' department, the following subjects have been outlined and printed on cards for the use of the teachers: February, reverence; March, loyalty to priesthood; April, prayer; May, the sabbath; June, safeguarding the young. Under the subject of prayer is given the following outline: (A) Prayer a commandment of God, Doc. and Cov. 68:28. (B) A safeguard against sin, Doc. and Cov. 61:39. (C) Reward of prayer, Doc. and Cov. 19:38; 61:37. (D) Family prayer: 1. Promotes family unity; 2. Developes faith. 3. Brings blessings of heaven. (E) Secret prayer: 1. Lifting of burden; 2. Strength in time of need; 3. Guidance temporally as well as spiritually. Pray rather than say prayers.

Liberty Stake.

In the Liberty stake, in Salt Lake City, there is a department working in the interest of those who are home bound, throughout the stake. The Stake Board member, in charge of this work, is assisted by a group of women whose special duty it is to carry comfort and cheer to those who through illness or old age, are confined to their homes. This work is a stake activity and is arranged so that it interferes in no way with the regular work being done in the wards. Following is a report of the activities of the stake committee during 1921: Meetings held at the county infirmary, 3; Hours spent in visiting home bound members, 856; Home bound members died during 1920, 11; Cash received from the wards, $11; Cash received from private parties, $19.05; Jellies received from wards, 140 glasses; contributions from business men for county infirmary: oranges, 1 box; cake, 15 pounds; paper bags, 150; apples, 1 box; candy, 10 pounds. Cash disbursed: Jewish Relief Fund, $5; flowers, $8; to home bound members, $6.50, to county infirmary on New Year's Day, 120 bags, each containing a glass of jelly, an orange, an apple, cake and candy.

Wasatch Stake.

At the Ideal theatre in Heber City, the Relief Society of Wasatch stake put on a pageant featuring the journey of the pioneers from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City, and especially the hymn, "Come, come, ye Saints." The pageant was witnessed by about five hundred people who expressed themselves as thoroughly enjoying the entertainment. The pageant was arranged and managed by the following members of the Wasatch stake board: Mrs. Eliza Rasburn, Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald, Mrs. Eva Jensen.

Criminal Impropriety

From the Los Angeles Times

We had supposed that the decadence obvious in the sartorial modes for society women reached their limit last year and that a saner and more decent sense of propriety would evince itself in the revulsion of public taste. But the tendency to bizarre indecency has increased so that now we are offered in our public ballrooms the spectacle of criminal impropriety—of women's bare legs and painted knees, of naked backs and lewdly veiled bosoms, of transparent skirts and suggestive nudity, of decorated flesh and vulgar exposure generally—the sort of thing that has ever preceded the downfall of civilizations. It has no relation whatever to the nudity of innocence, as is perfectly obvious with one glance at the type of dancing women that affects these disgusting extremes, for their whole deportment is so entirely in accord with their scant covering and nastily conceived exposures. They are brazenly inviting a certain kind of attention and they get only the sort of attention they invite. They are degrading all womanhood with their shamelessness at a time when the more worthy of their sex have striven to win and deserve that respect which should rightfully be theirs.

The people are all overwhelmed by the appalling crime wave that has beset the world—not only by murders, robberies and hold-ups, but by the ghastly increase in marital unfaithfulness which clogs the divorce courts and the attacks against women and girls which have become a daily department of the news. The incredible and loathsome conditions cannot be overstated. They are widespread, staggering in their viciousness. And we unhesitatingly declare that the preposterous vulgarity and criminal impropriety of that vastly increasing number of women who adopt these indecent modes for "party gowns" is, if not responsible for the dirty conditions, at least a large and important factor. And it is deplorable that as the extremists jump from extreme to extreme the presumably decent women follow. They are slower to adopt the full measure of indecency, but each season finds them "conservatively" following at a respectful distance, so that the modes for decent women today were the extremes of indecency a few short seasons back.

Why do they do it? It is a poor explanation to declare that they thus become more attractive to men. If they are honest with themselves they know very well that the sort of attraction

thus engendered makes the lowest possible appeal. If they are honest with themselves they know very well that masculine taste in such matters is absolutely in the hands of women, that the standard they set is the standard which will inevitably be adopted. It has been said that every country gets the women it deserves, but rather would we say that every woman gets the sort of attention she deserves. Intelligent women know this, no matter what their argument to the contrary.

But the women who are going to these disgusting and revolting extremes are not intelligent. Man may be vile, but he also has perception. Observe the women in any public ballroom today—those who expose the most have the least worthy of exposure. These lewd revelations are certainly not in the cause of beauty. It is the fat and podgy or the lean and bony female, for the most part, one who has neither natural physical or mental attraction, that resorts to this means of commanding attention. She makes one appeal, and only one, and that to the very lowest intsincts of masculine human nature. No matter how she may deceive herself to the contrary, she is deliberately catering to the animal passion of men. Beautiful and charming women of mind and character do not feel this urge to trade upon their "private charms." But the unintelligent and dubious female is invariably the one to make a bid for the only sort of attention she can hope to inspire.

Theodore Maynard, now lecturing before the women's clubs upon the "Imminent Break-up of Civilization," defines civilization as that condition of a people founded upon justice and honor. It is not a question of brilliant inventions, of motor cars, telephones, magnificent hotels, luxury and comfort. It is essentially a state of refinement, culture and *Honor.*

"I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more."

That Honor which is the very basis of civilization is essentially chaste. And civilized women must be the essential guardian of chastity and honor. Where women cater to the dishonorable and unchaste there can be no civilization, no sanctity of the home, which should be the very citadel of honor.

Adam in Eden whined that Eve had demoralized him. Eve today whines that Adam and his war have demoralized her. They are both wrong and both culpable. And as in the old biblical story, God will hold both Adam and Eve responsible and both shall be driven from the Garden of Eden, our great modern civilization that is gaining all save honor, that keystone of the arch without which it must fall to ruin.

And the modern unchastity of women's clothes, the crude, lewd, wholly indefensible appeal to man's lowest instincts, the deliberate trading on the unclean and the lustful side of human

nature, is, we repeat, a basic cause of that widespread dishonor and crime that are polluting civilization today. Surely there are enough decent, intelligent, noble-minded women left to halt this mad craze for criminal impropriety. Surely they can and will take the lead for purity, decency and honor, rather than be content to follow at long distance that road which leads to nothing but degradation for all humanity. Women, and only women, can halt this mad delirium—this hideous craving for attention at any cost, at all cost. Where can it end, except in utter degradation, not only for their own sex, but for their husbands and their sons?

This utter debasement of that precious heritage called "love" is the bitterest possible reflection upon our modern civilization. The sort of attraction these unchaste, nakedly adorned women "of fashion" hold out can never inspire that precious, priceless thing which "passeth all understanding," which survives all the travail of tribulation, that beautiful emotion that "age cannot wither nor custom stale," which radiates the dark places with shining light.

"Oh, woman, lovely woman; nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

A RESURRECTION—To My Friend

Grace Ingles Frost

When time was fraught with honors of the tomb,
You came to me an angel in disguise;
With patient care you soothed my pain racked brow,
And by your touch brought to my tear-dimmed eyes
A clearer vision, gifts divine to see.
Forth from a crysalis of somber gloom,
And bade it live anew,
Gave it the buoyant wings to soar
Above the petty grovelings of earth,
And face to face with God, it evermore
Has glorified your name for its rebirth.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

The death of President Anthon H. Lund left a wide gap in various church offices which have been filled wisely and expeditiously by President Heber J. Grant.

President Charles W. Penrose, one of the truly great men of this day and age, is now the first counselor to President Grant, succeeding President Anthon H. Lund. His life has been an open book to the people of the Church almost from the beginning. Of English birth and childhood-training, he yet possesses the principles of growth, assimilation and adaptability, which made our new England fore-bears the rock ribbed foundation of this nation. President Penrose has integrity, pellucid frankness in thought and speech, a rigid standard of honor, with a sturdy independence of thought and speech which is crowned by a poetic fancy and charm that lends to his thought a poetic grace. President Penrose is a rare poet and a rarer statesman; a combination which makes him what he is, author, poet, publicist, preacher, and constitutes the elements of a character rarely found upon this earth. His home life began and still continues to radiate the same sweet simplicity of environment and

modest routine which marked the domestic atmosphere of all the founders of this Church. Coming into his advanced responsibilities thus late in his years, he still transmits to every task the natural buoyancy and hope, garnered through years of looking sky-ward in every cross road of life.

President Anthony W. Ivins has always been a man among men. Early responsibilities, exacting toil, difficult surroundings and constantly changing pioneer conditions have developed the character of Pres. Ivins as no soft conditions could possibly do; his rugged environment has sunk into the depths of his nature, and deepened his naturally retiring and reticent disposition. Circumstances and providence have mined the rich gold of his character, bringing out to the surface the wealth of initiative gravity, magnetism and organizing ability which in such environment sometimes produces greatness. Over his somewhat grave exterior there plays a quick humor which preserves the exquisite balance between stern justice and tender sympathy. His is a nature which calls instinctively for the exercise of the best that is in his associates if they would acquire and retain his friendship and respect. Those who have once met him will always hold his friendship and confidence in high esteem, and once gained, the friend would be reckless indeed who would risk the loss of so precious a treasure. No man, after the death of the statesman, Erastus Snow, has won more of the love and confidence of the people of this Church than has President Anthony W. Ivins. He brings to the council table of the First Presidency a tempered wisdom, a poised judgment, which sees the broad visions of life no less definitely in its relation to the individual than its application to the interests of the Church. The people and their leaders are fortunate in the choice of Brother Ivins for this noble position of trust and responsibility.

President Rudger Clawson succeeds to the presidency of the quorum of the twelve apostles. Elder Clawson is one of the quiet students of this Church who accomplishes much and says little about it. He has made numerous sacrifices for the gospel's sake and has proven his sterling integrity in the early days of his youth; himself a man of modest claim, only his intimate friends know how many things have been accomplished through his suggestion and under his trained mind. He is a friend to all classes of people, the humblest and highest alike share in his courteous regard; justice and mercy, truth and loyalty, garnish his character. He brings to his exalted position the long training and experience which have prepared him to act wisely and decide righteously in all matters which may come up for his decision. He is the friend of the people no less than he is a loyal supporter of his associate brethren in the council of the Twelve.

The appointment of *Elder George F. Richards* to the Presidency of the Salt Lake temple has met with the most generous response from all interested people. He has before taken a personal interest in the ordinance work of this temple for a long time, going himself and engaging in the work for his dead as frequetly as his many duties permitted. At the head of the Richards family organization, he has an important place, and his forceful wisdom carries forth the policy in that organization which is but the "carrying on" the beginnings of the temple work made by his illustrious father before him—Elder Franklin D. Richards. Elder George F. Richards has the rare combination of a powerful will with a gentleness of expression, suavity of manners, and simplicity of approach; his very appearance is ideal, in his present position, and the promise of that appearance is justified by the diligent application which he is now making to acquaint himself thoroughly with the minutest details of his new responsibility and work in the Salt Lake temple. He has engaged in the genealogical work in our society. All who come up for blessings in the sacred house of the Lord rejoice in the appointment of Elder George F. Richards, he has chosen his assistants wisely—Elders Joseph F. Smith and Albert Davis are his counselors. Elder Smith himself is thoroughly familiar with temple work both through tradition and the teachings of his noble father, the late President Joseph F. Smith, and through his own careful study of the problems contained in the daily exercise of temple functions. Gifted with his father's studious application to spiritual things, he has also inherited much of his father's wisdom and dignity. His occasional morning talks in the temple are gems of inspirational insight, and through his intellectual and spiritual application he is beloved by all who know him; and who is there that does not?

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith has been named as the Church Historian and general Church Recorder. The position was held by his great-uncle, George Albert Smith, then by his father, then by Elder Franklin D. Richards, and then by our late lamented President Anthon H. Lund. Elder Smith brings to his task a great comprehension of the limitless scope of his work, and of the necessary human difficulties which lie in the way of the full development of this great Church institution. He has a keen appreciation of spiritual values, a wise adjustment of intellectual problems therein involved. He is as familiar with the history and traditions of this people as any man of his generation. He feeds the people that rare spiritual food for which they hunger and thirst, while his sermons and writings are as sound in doctrine as they are fruitful in thought. He will approach his new responsibilities with a conservative, yet happy, enthusiasm which augurs

well for the work entrusted to his care. His assistants, Elders, Andrew Jenson, Brigham H. Roberts, A. William Lund and Junius F. Wells, are all fitted to render noble service in this important work of the Church.

The choice of the new apostle, *John A. Widtsoe,* pleases many classes of our people; the family of Brigham Young are happy in the thought that a grand-son-in-law has been chosen to represent, in a way, the family in the leading quorum of the Priesthood. Dr. Widtsoe has for sometime been engaged in the labors of compiling and arranging the sermons of President Brigham Young as the first step in the preparation of his history which will follow in due course. He is beloved by all the Young family who repoice in this representation for them. He represents also his people, the Scandinavians of the Church, who have formed so strong a bulwark of righteousness and so loyal a pillar of strength in the up-building of this Church and kingdom. The Scandinavian people rejoice in the selection of Brother Widtsoe to fill the vacancy in the apostle's quorum left by the death of our late beloved leader and President, Anthon H. Lund. The best type of educational interests are also represented in the selection of Dr. Widtsoe. His new sphere will develop all the latent powers which may have been left untouched in his more circumscribed field of educational labors. His successor in the University has so far not been chosen, but he leaves his task in the state school with the hearty good will of all his co-workers and associates.

WHAT DOES THE CHURCH OWE ME?

Women and men sometimes face situations, have trials, or are called on or are permitted to make sacrifices which seem to them, and to those who love them, to be unjust, humiliating and in the nature of ingratitude towards those who so suffer. These people ask how it is that brother or sister so-and-so is poor, or sick, or slighted by providence in this Church. Have not these unfortunates paid tithing faithfully, been good to the poor, sustained the Priesthood loyally, and generally kept the commandments? Then why should such faithful ones be forgotten, poor or sick?.

The answer to that vital question reaches in a way into the foundation of salvation, and I will not answer it here. Men are placed in high and honorable positions, and others are neglected or are even asked to resign. They who are neglected and their friends, sometimes suffer cruelly over such slights. And up springs the suggestion: "Well, the Church owes me or you something. Look at the missions I have filled, the sermons I have preached, the long years of sacrifice and toil which I have given

loyally to the service of my people! Now see—this cruel humiliation is my only reward!" That is the human nature speaking. This weak vision, this selfish nature, this potent flesh cries out loudly in defense of what we hold to be our rights and privileges. How human we all are. How we suffer under humiliation or at the lash which cuts into our self-respect—or self-esteem—and which abases us in the eyes of our friends and in our own estimation. We are so human! But wait! *What do I owe the Church?*

Turn the shield around. Let us honestly study the problem from another angle: What has the Church done for me? Let every man and woman ask these questions: "What have I learned; how far along the upward road of progress have I come, through my privileges and opportunities for service in the Master's cause? Where would I be today if I had been wholly selfish, and devoted only to money and success?" Friends, love, peace, salvation—these are the glorious rewards which come from serving God; they are ours no matter how poor, how sick, or how humiliated we may be. Can we pay the price paid by the Savior?

Be sure, O my heart, that no Saint would willingly injure you or see you suffer. We are all so bound up in one another's welfare and suffering that what hurts one hurts us all. After all, there is still another question which follows this.

What is the best thing for the Church?

Not what I may want or need, not how I may be advanced or forgotten, but what will be the best for the interests of the Church, as a whole or any of its interests? That question I must ask; and if its answer involves suffering, sickness, or even dependency for me and mine, that I must accept royally, bravely and without complaint. Nay more; if I know that some one has defrauded or injured me, if I am a Saint, I must pray for my temporary enemy, that his actions, thoughtless perhaps or even malicious, may be amply forgiven and that his soul may not be corroded with his mistake. We are told to pray for those who despitefully use us. And especially is this true in this Church; for I must believe that no one, not one single man or woman, would wilfully injure or hurt me or you. Love, forgiveness to one another, courage to face each trial,—these are the corner stones, of Church service. There are those in the world who hate us but we must love one another. Only so can our long years of toil and struggle reach full reward and we be crowned with life everlasting.

Entertainment Department

A Teacher's Social

Morag

A delightful evening entertainment recently held in a ward, in one of the nearby stakes, was a teacher's social.

The Social committee of the ward was in charge, and the invited guests included the bishopric, acting ward teachers, and their partners, Relief Society teachers and their husbands, the teacher's quorum, and the teachers from the grade school.

The opening number was a hymn by the acting ward teachers, "Come, let us anew." After the invocation, the Relief Society sisters sang a duet and chorus, "The Relief Society," page 126, *R. S. Song Book*.

A humorous dialogue followed, participated in by a ward teacher and the family he was visiting. The subjects discussed were the weather, politics, high cost of living, good roads, etc.—everything but the gospel.

The following number was an earnest address on the duties of a ward teacher. The school furnished a solo and a reading, after which a Relief Society teacher read a paper which related the experiences, amusing and otherwise, of a pair of teachers visiting the families on their "beat." A visiting stake officer then gave a talk on the Relief Society teacher, her duties and privileges. Delightful musical numbers were rendered by the boys' glee club, (teachers quorum) after which an adjournment was made to the Relief Society rooms where refreshments were served. Games and dancing closed a very unique and successful evening's entertainment.

GARDEN HINTS

By L. M. Green

To scare birds from your garden, or fruit trees, get a few discarded electric light bulbs and some pieces of broken mirror. Fix them on a line near the ground. The slightest wind will move them, and they will glitter in the sunlight and will prove an effectual scarecrow.

Transplanting Tiny Seedlings

Take a strong pen-point and run the pointed end into a long cork, or reverse the point in an old pen-holder thus forming a miniature trowel which will be found a handy tool with which to "prick out," or transplant, tiny seedlings.

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